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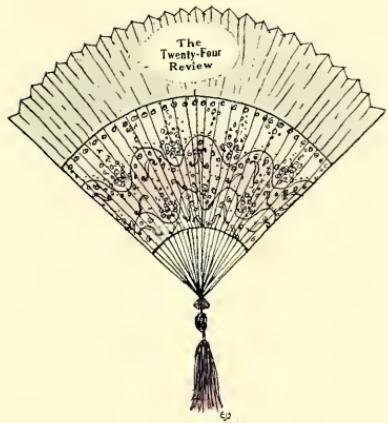
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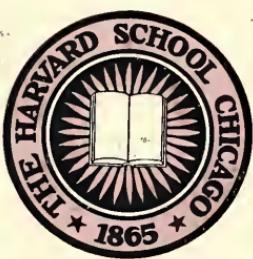
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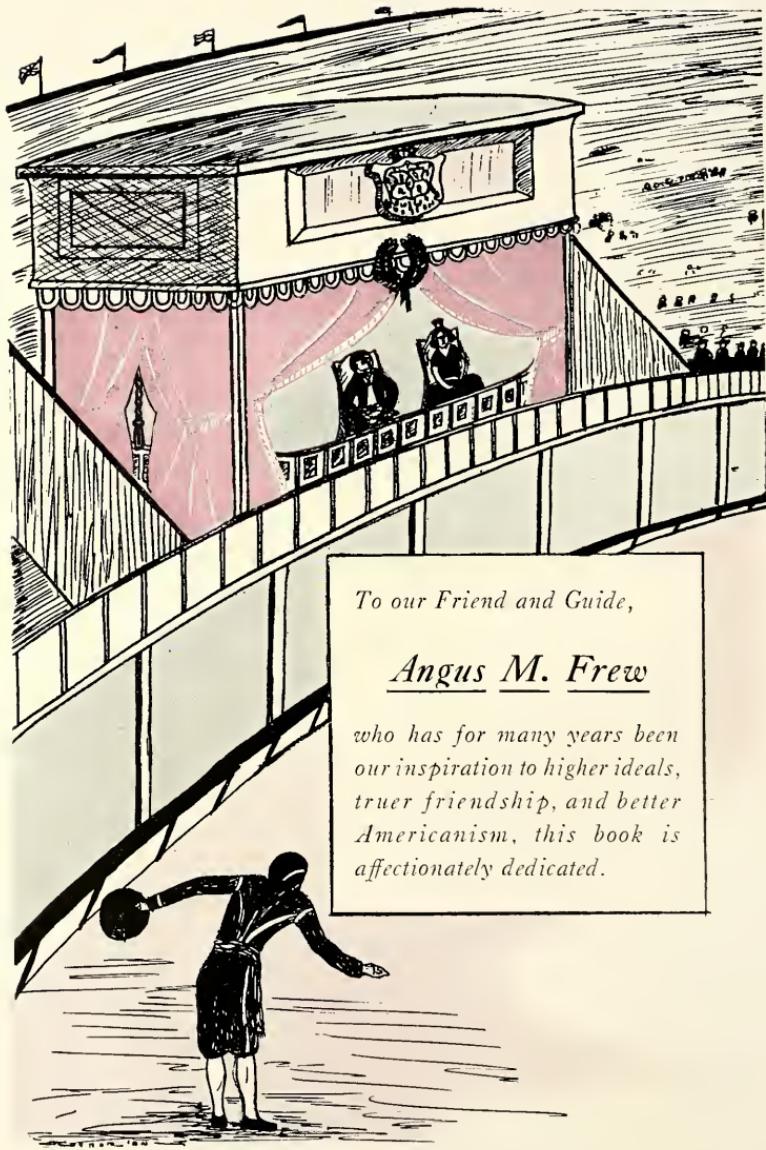
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of the Harvard School,  
June, 1924





*To our Friend and Guide,*

Angus M. Frew

*who has for many years been  
our inspiration to higher ideals,  
truer friendship, and better  
Americanism, this book is  
affectionately dedicated.*





STUART HERTZ  
EDITOR



ROBERT BENDER  
EDITOR



JOHN HOWLAND  
EDITOR



HERMAN KIRCHHEIMER  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



ROBERT HEINSHEIMER  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



DOUGLAS HOWARD  
SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER.



EDWARD LOEWENTHAL  
BUSINESS MANAGER.



HERBERT SALZMAN  
ADVERTISING  
MANAGER.



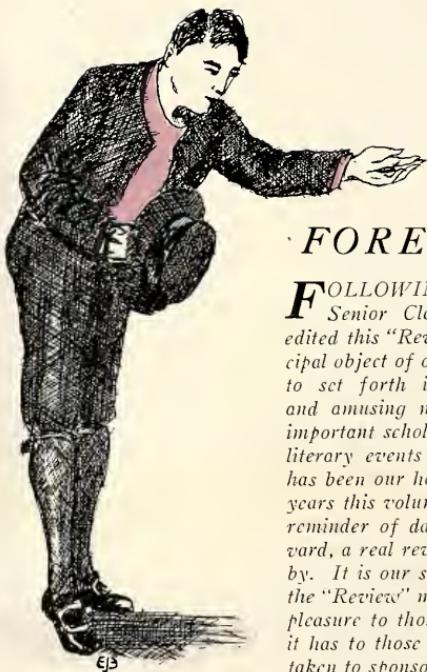
BERNARD O'CONNOR  
ART EDITOR  
MOTT KIRK MITCHELL  
FACULTY ADVISOR



EDWARD HEYMAN  
STAFF ADVISOR

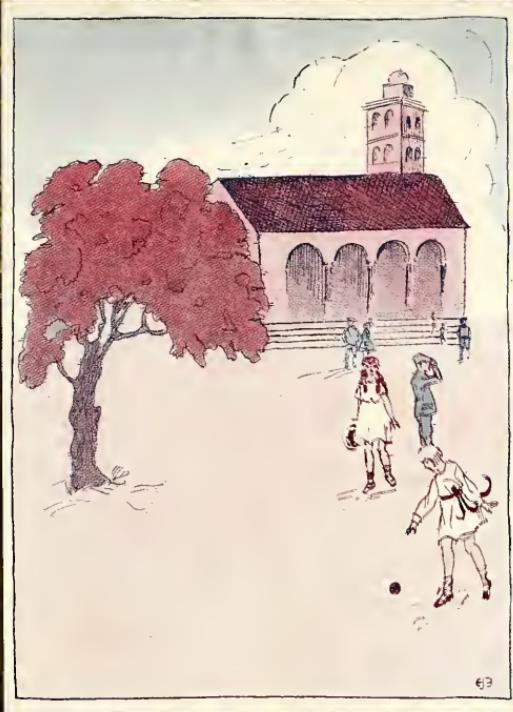


ADOLPH MOSES  
PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR



## FOREWORD

**F**Ollowing precedent, the Senior Class of 1924 has edited this "Review." The principal object of our work has been to set forth in an interesting and amusing manner, the most important scholastic, athletic and literary events of the year. It has been our hope that in future years this volume will serve as a reminder of days spent at Harvard, a real review of days gone by. It is our sincerest wish that the "Review" may bring as much pleasure to those who read it as it has to those who have undertaken to sponsor it.



*school*





JOHN J. SCHOBINGER

Mr. Schobinger has been enjoying a vacation in Europe during the past twelve months. We who were less fortunate in having to remain in school, though, feel that he has taken a rest which has, now for a long time, been due him. We all miss Mr. Schobinger greatly, and everybody is happy to know that he will be back at Harvard next year.

GEORGE F. VAUBEL

Wapakoneta must be a good town if Mr. Vanbel is an example of its type of citizen. This dispenser of knowledge of Physics, Science and Latin, is one of the best liked members of the Faculty. "Uncle George's" keen sense of humor makes his classes a pleasure, but he who comes under his withering glance has need of a guardian angel. To conclude, here's to a good teacher and a real friend.



MOTT KIRK MITCHELL

So many compliments and tributes have been paid Mr. Mitchell in previous Reviews, that one might naturally expect it to be difficult to write about this beloved man. Such, however, is far from being the true case, as each of his classes, from the writer's observations, learns some of his heretofore undiscovered qualities, and it is a privilege to be numbered among his pupils.



CHARLES EDGAR  
PENCE

How would Harvard progress without Mr. Pence? Who would issue the schedules, or arrange the exam programs? Besides taking care of all these things, he has charge of several classes, and it is needless to say that they are interesting ones. He is a firm friend of the teams and his strong support of all athletics is very valuable and greatly appreciated.

WILBUR H. FORD

Mr. Ford has too many good qualities to describe. In brief, he has been at Harvard longer than any other teacher; he is highly esteemed by the student body, and turns out "A" scholars by the gross. Any fellow who has not had Mr. Ford as a teacher is missing a very pleasant detail of his education. We sincerely hope that Mr. Ford will be at Harvard for many years to come.



*Leo F. Vanbel*





ELSIE SCHOBINGER

Although Miss Schobinger has not been here at Harvard during the past year, it is needless to say that we have not forgotten her nor are we less mindful of the pleasant times spent in her classes. Her letters to us from Europe, containing cooking lessons for the Harvard Cafe, have been highly appreciated and amusing, but we deeply regret that she could not have postponed her visit abroad until another year.

MRS. ENGERT

All who have been in Mrs. Engert's classes will remember her long after they have left Harvard, as the kindly mathematics teacher who always had time to enjoy a bit of real, good humor, but who never failed to discourage any other type of fun-making. Indeed, each and every one of her pupils may well consider himself lucky to have come under the tutelage of this capable instructress.



WALTER T. WILSON

Mr. Wilson has the difficult problem of teaching mathematics to our ambitious (?) students. Nevertheless, he has succeeded admirably in accomplishing results which to many would be well nigh impossible, at the same time gaining the admiration of his prodigies. He takes great interest in the school athletic activities, and on the days when he has charge of Study Hall, the applicants are too numerous.



JOSEPHINE MOORE

Miss Moore is, comparatively speaking, a newcomer at Harvard, yet she has familiarized herself with the ways and customs of the school with a rapidity that is truly remarkable. Notwithstanding the strict discipline which Miss Moore at all times maintains, her classes are a real delight, and the recitation periods never seem long enough.

*Josephine Moore*



MISS KARSTENS

Although a new teacher at Harvard this year, Miss Karstens has already won her way into the hearts of her pupils. Her never-failing good humor and indulgence toward the pranks and antics of her classes, coupled with her genuine teaching ability have made her one of the most popular teachers in school. She is, indeed, a valuable addition to Harvard's teaching corps.

# R. P. Williams

## R. P. WILLIAMS

Coach Williams came to Harvard under great disadvantages, after the beginning of the year. Entirely unacquainted with the customs and student body of the school, he has developed from a most limited number of men unusually successful teams. We feel certain of the brightness of Harvard's athletic future so long as the school is fortunate enough to retain his services.



## MRS. JOHNSON

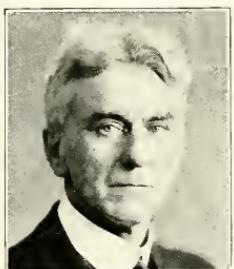
Mrs. Johnson, in addition to teaching the sixth graders, is in charge of the entire Primary Department. Interesting as her classes are, however, it is almost impossible to understand the full significance of her work at the time one is in her room. It is in the later years that this appreciation generally comes, and that all Mrs. Johnson's former pupils begin to realize her help.

## MISS PETERSON

Eternal vigilance is the motto of this earnest teacher, who labors at her vocation with a feeling of responsibility for the mental, physical and spiritual welfare of her brood. She is satisfied with nothing short of perfection, whether it be in cleanliness, godliness, or multiplication.

"Why, 't is my vocation,  
't is no sin for a man to toil  
labour in his vocation."

—Shakespeare.



## MRS. WADDELL

This is Mrs. Waddell's third year at Harvard, and once more she has proved so genial and capable that we hope she will be here for many years to come. Her position is not an easy one, that of preparing the boys for high school, yet she has achieved great wonders in that line. Her classes are made very enjoyable and interesting by her cheerful disposition and quick-witted remarks.

## MISS McCUNE

Miss McCune, our seventh grade teacher, has been at Harvard for several years, and all who have had the pleasure of being in her classes look back upon their days in this room as their most pleasant. Seventh grade is the first year of the Higher Department, and teaching these boys is a very difficult position. This, Miss McCune has been doing admirably.

## FRED W. ALWOOD

Mr. Alwood is another of Harvard's new teachers. This new arrival has displayed a marked ability as instructor in the intricacies of Chemistry, and he has had charge of the General Science Classes for the boys on the second floor. His school spirit is ever apparent for he has been a staunch supporter of our teams in all the games throughout the year.



*Fred W. Alwood.*

*Harriet A. McCune*

*Anna Letsch*



#### MME. DE PLATA

New at Harvard last fall, Madame has quickly showed her ability to teach French, especially to the younger boys. Although she resides on the far North Side of the town, she makes the long trip to school every morning, and her attendance record is little short of astonishing. Surely, all her pupils anticipate another pleasant year with Mme. De Plata.



#### MRS. WHITCOMB

The boys who come under the tutelage of this pleasant, patient third grade teacher are indeed very fortunate. Her untiring endeavor to increase the learning of her pupils is later appreciated by those who have passed further on into the higher department.

"He that would have a cake out of the wheat,

Must tarry the grinding."  
—Shakespeare.



#### MISS SIMER

Miss Simer is the new teacher in our fourth grade. She has proved herself capable of presiding over the destinies of this active group of boys who form the connecting link between the second and intermediate departments.

"Come, my Hippolyta;  
What cheer?"

—Shakespeare.



#### ANNA LETSCH

Miss Letsch is one of Harvard's most valued assets. She makes out the Honor Rolls, and bills, takes our charge slips, issues slugs, lunch tickets, etc., and writes all proclamations and examinations. Nothing seems to be too much for her. One thing to which we all look forward is the cheery "Good morning," which always seems to start the day right.

#### MISS BROWN

A quiet, winsome young woman is she, with music in her soul, as one may know who listens to her classes. Along with this, she exercises firmness and authority over her pupils, who love their teacher and their work.

"Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider;  
and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap  
the hearts of men."

—Shakespeare.



#### MRS. WISE

Our first grade teacher comes to us this year with a deep understanding of the nature of the tiny ones who begin their educational journey under her guidance. She has sympathy with, and knowledge of, the requirements of these little lives, and as her name implies, her ways are always wise.

"Still in the right hand carry gentle peace."  
—Shakespeare.







#### MME. DE PLATA

New at Harry's last fall, Madame has quickly showed her ability to teach French, especially to the younger boys. Although she resides on the far North Side of the town, she makes the long trip to school every morning, and her attendance record is little short of astonishing. Surely, all the pupils anticipate another pleasant year with Mme. De Plata.

MISS WHITCOMB  
Teachers who are under the care of this pleasant, young third grade teacher are indeed very fortunate. Her soaring endeavor to increase the learning of her pupils is highly appreciated by those who have passed farther on into the higher apartment.

"He that would have a cake out of the wheat,  
Must tarry the grinding."  
—Shakespeare

MISS SIMER  
Miss Simer is the new teacher in our fourth grade. She has proved herself capable of presiding over the destinies of this active company of boys who form the connecting link between the lower and intermediate departments.

"Come, my Hippolyta,  
What cheer?"

—Shakespeare



#### MRS. WISE

Our first grade teacher comes to us this year with a deep understanding of the nature of the tiny ones who begin their educational journey under her guidance. She has sympathy with, and knowledge of, the requirements of these little lives, and as her name implies, her ways are always wise.

"Still in the right road  
Carry gentle peace."  
—Shakespeare

Anna Letsch



#### ANNA LETSCH

Miss Letsch is one of the school yard's most valuable assets. She makes out the "To Do" Kids, and bills, takes on charge slips, issues slugs, lunch tickets, etc., and writes all proclamations and examinations. Nothing seems to be too much for her. One thing is which we all look forward to, the "Great Inauguration," which was to start the day right.

#### MISS BROWN

A quiet, winsome young woman, filled with music in her soul, as one may know who listens to her classes. Along with this, she exercises firmness and authority over her pupils who love their teacher and their work.

"Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider;  
And hath woven  
A golden mesh to stray  
The hearts of men."  
—Shakespeare



Classes



# SENIORS

ADOLPH MOSES—*President*

CHARLES KLINETOP—*Vice-President*

EDWARD LOEWENTHAL—*Secretary*



CHARLES KLINETOP



ADOLPH MOSES



EDWARD LOEWENTHAL



ROBERT J. BENDER

First of all we shall hear of Robert Bender, an Editor of this book. As you have probably learned from other sources, Bobby, besides being one of the egregious poets of our class, is among those present all over the Honor Roll, for he is a brilliant student. From an athletic point of view, one might expect that his lack of size would prove a great handicap, but on the bantamweight basket ball team he has showed his ability, proving himself a very necessary unit of that squad.

He has proved that he has more than a considerable amount of school spirit and his ready wit is always a source of encouragement and consolation to those in trouble. Upon further investigation we find that Monsieur Bobby is also a Mah Jongg player of great note. We of Harvard expect great things of our Robert le Petit.



#### WALTER S. GUTHMANN

Walter is another hard-working, conscientious Senior who never fails to ask a question if he does not understand a subject. The latter seldom occurs, but the former does. Rip, as he is invariably called by his schoolmates, is one of Harvard's oldest inmates, having been at the School for Boys six years. During this time he has worked faithfully and with great diligence, deserving much credit for his persistence. Although generally he does not go out for athletics he gives his moral support to the teams and is to be seen at most of the games.

Rip is much kidded, but under his "questionable" actions there lies a deeper motive. In a poem, Walter once let the world know that he had great ambitions; that he was not a "questioning ham," but a boy with a definite purpose in view, which we all feel certain he will accomplish, for he is blessed with a valuable gift, perseverance.



#### ROBERT HEINSHEIMER

Robert is among those who can boastfully claim five years' attendance at Harvard. For two years he has played a stellar game of basket ball on the lightweight team, of which he was captain in '24. Heins is noted among his schoolmates for proficiency in his studies, in which his work stands out with great brilliance. His affairs with the gentle sex are well known to all in spite of his efforts to keep them secret, and oh! how he can dance! Furthermore, he is a poet of some note, and an Associate Editor of this Review.

Heins is an amiable fellow, as you no doubt know, but his disposition repugns laughter at the sight of his handsome blushes. As the first president of our now famous "H" Club, he will do great honor to his university.



#### STUART HERTZ

Every class should have at least one boy named Soup, and here is ours, a quiet, earnest, diligent student, always willing to help another. Without doubt Stuart's ability to write will be of great value to him in the future, as it has been to the Twenty-Four Review, of which he is an Editor.

While Soup is not a basket ball, football or baseball player, his work in strength tests is surprising, indeed. The Yellow Cab boy, we have found, is a remarkable salesman of ads, and so has been of further value in the financing of this Review.

Although Stuart is rather quiet, this does not mean that he is bereft of a keen sense of humor, for his wise crevices are always appreciated and never tiresome. One may not say enough for this kind-hearted, generous, willing, cheerful and conscientious member of the Senior Class.



EDWARD M. HEYMANN

In his high school career Eddie has distinguished himself chiefly by his facile pen, in which respect not many can boast of ability to equal his. His horror stories have caused more than one nervous breakdown among the Seniors, and his snappy stories are quite the rage around this great institution. If Ed writes all his stories from actual experience, he has seen more than many others of his youthful age.

Aside from his literary attainments, it is understood that this young heart breaker is much sought after by his fair, frivolous, feminine friends. There is much to be learned about Edward le Grand. He is a confirmed theater-goer and if a production leaves town without having been seen by Eddie—well, it simply isn't being done this year.

Ed is right there when it comes to being a good fellow. He is well known around the school and has a cheerful word for everyone he sees.



#### DOUGLAS HOWARD

Woof! Woof! Look out for Doug, the big bear of the Seniors. Not meaning to be uncomplimentary, Douglas scares Mr. Ford every morning by shaking the building on his way down to Latin Class. Now, do not take it that Doug is to be feared—just the same, everybody gets out of his way when he is in a hurry.

Now is not the time, however, to compliment Douglas on his frail physique. With your kind permission, I shall tell a few things about what Mr. Howard has done at Harvard. In the first place, our hero was one of the mainstays of the football team in the '22 season. As a result, we see Captain Howard leading his men in the following year, and there rests his claim to athletic honors. On the Review staff, Douglas received many and various compliments for his fine work as Subscription Manager. In classes, the boy is a marvel—ask Mr. Ford. He also reads Scotch dialect in an original fashion, especially when he has a cold in his head.



JOHN P. HOWLAND

One day four years ago there came to our portals a tall and slender lad, quiet and unobtrusive. After a few years, we find this gentle youth a leader of the Senior Class. A great many facts have been disclosed since Johnny first stepped into C2. First and foremost, we see him prominent in athletics. He plays most everything—basket ball, football and baseball, and he has often thrilled the fair sex with his marvelous dancing.

Then we discovered that John was a poet, and this fact, together with his versatility in writing, led to his being made an Editor of this annual. A more ambitious boy could hardly be found, for he may be seen, most of the time at least, at his desk studying Trig.

Many years hence, when Johnny has long since departed from Harvard, the Faculty will remember with pleasure the mirthful, willing and popular boy who helped make classes enjoyable and who left a host of friends.



#### HERMAN S. KIRCHHEIMER

Herman, as you probably know, is the "world's greatest lover" of our class and has also been made our poet laureate. Much of his work is here set forth for your pleasure. In addition, he is an associate editor of the Review and has charge of the socials. His school work is beyond reproach, but do not for a moment think that these are Kirch's only spheres of action. He has for two years played heavyweight basket ball, of which he was captain this year. However, basket ball is not his only accomplishment, for he helped the football team win every victory it gained. Many, too, are the home runs he has made wielding the baseball bat in our "athletic field." He is a member of the "H" Club, to say nothing of the Hate Club, of which he is a charter member! Herman has a keen sense of humor which is displayed from time to time in what he writes.

To be certain, if he retains all these qualities to such an exceptional degree, Kirch must succeed in all he attempts.



#### CHARLES WILLIS KLINETOP

Kliney, the versatile sheik of the Senior Class, is one of Harvard's oldest students. This handsome youth has many and various accomplishments, not only in the art of music and athletics, but also in the car line, for he is, as most of the Harvardites know, the proud possessor of a snappy Franklin coupe. His scholastic ability is great, as he is an ardent orator and writer of ditties. His gift, the latter art, is really remarkable.

The Duke's athletic career at The School for Boys is not once to be laughed at, for he is a good basketball player, and pitches a nice game of indoor. Kliney has fulfilled the office of vice-president of the Senior class very well and has been a great help to the Review staff by using to advantage his knowledge of photography. Taking the sheik as he is, one could not want a nicer fellow, always a good sport, entertaining with his witty remarks and well known stories. In other words, he is a real asset to the Class o' '24.



#### JOSEPH S. LEDERER

Next in line is our own Joe Beef, who for the last few years has been the target at which so many of us have aimed our bright (?) jokes about appetites and ability to enjoy food. More than this, though, Joe is a real heart-breaker, using the German language to such advantage that he has never failed in a single attempt to crack a fair one's heart.

He is the star catcher of our class indoor team and, although not participating in any other sport, he shows the school spirit by being present at all the games. Beef is very earnest in his school work and is always among those standing high in his classes, but above all he is a mighty good fellow, which, when all is said, is one of the great virtues.



EDWARD J. LOEWENTHAL

Ed became a member of the class 'way back when the Seniors rode motor bikes to the school and had their recitations in the front parlor at Forty-seventh and Drexel. He "prepped" for our primary department with the little girls at Faulkner, whence he was requested to go "into exile" for pulling one of their number's hair. He was the smartest boy in second grade, and great things were prophesied for his future. In this they were not far wrong, for Ed is now a major "H" man, Class Treasurer, Business Manager of the Review, and a member of the Senior Dance Committee.

His work on the gridiron was particularly noteworthy last fall, as it was the season before when he captained the light-weights. Although handicapped by lack of weight, especially in his position of center, he outplayed every pivot man pitted against him, and starred in every game. It was largely through his efforts that we attained what success we did.



#### ADOLPH MOSES

One day last spring the Senior (then Junior) class had a meeting at which they elected Adolph Moses president. We now fully appreciate the sagacity of this action, for Adolph is a dandy fellow and very well liked.

He has rendered invaluable services to the school as well as the Review, where, in the capacity of staff photographer, he did Trojan work, most of the snapshots seen herein being the fruits of his labor. In studies he always tries to come out on top, and, as far as conduct goes, he sets the pace for us all.

It is difficult to tell enough good things about Adolph. His popularity is ample proof of his friendly disposition, sunny smile and winning ways, which have helped to pass so many weary days.



#### BERNARD O'CONNOR

Here comes Big Bernie, the James Montgomery Flagg of the Senior Class. His work is irresistible to the human eye, and many are of the belief that his snappy posters for our basket ball games are the chief cause of large crowds. His ability is by no means restricted to the paint and brush, however, for those who know him fully recognize his talent as a mirth provoker, particularly in his classes. This young giant is also a football hero known to all. Yes, sir! Versatility is his middle name. He sets an admirable example for the younger O'Connor.

Every day the maroon-colored Buick takes him home to lunch and instead of participating in the wild orgies at "Our neighborhood druggist's," he quietly eats corned beef and cabbage in the O'Connor dining room.

"Yet he's gentle; never schooled but learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved."



#### HERBERT A. SALZMAN

Could you picture in your mind's eye a lad who, in addition to holding a high scholastic record and an enviable athletic name, is a staunch friend, you would see none other than our own Herbie. He has done much to increase the fame of Harvard. In 1923 he played bantamweight basketball and it is unnecessary even to mention his exceptional playing on the '24 lightweight team. His activities are not limited to the field of athletics, however, for Herb has taken an important part in the production of the Review as advertising manager.

We hear but little of our Hero's affairs with the so-called weaker sex, but from certain authoritative sources of information, we draw our own conclusions, for undoubtedly he is as popular outside of school as he is within our own walls.



LEOPOLD SCHOENBRUN

Leo, another proud Senior, lays claim to (?) years at Harvard, and in this time he has played a major role in more than one field. In basketball Lee is "there"—this slang phrase is the only means of justly expressing his ability in this sport—having filled a forward position on the bantamweight team in '22 and '23 and the same place on this year's lightweight team.

This boy is not only good in athletics, but in scholastic work as well. The Honor Roll mutely claims that his favorite studies are Mathematics and Chemistry. Many times in the past years Leo has greatly amused us with his apt and witty remarks, not a few of which are to be found in our Jammy section.

We have but lately discovered Lee's musical talent through his whistling "My Sweetie Went Away"; this time, though, it appears that she told him where, for from reliable sources we learn that he has wasted (?) many two-cent stamps on a certain party in Saginaw, Michigan.



EDWARD M. TOURTELOT, JR.

Notwithstanding that Ned is the youngest member of the Senior class, his proficiency in studies and his ability to provide, as well as to appreciate, good humor amply compensates this lack of years. To so high a degree has Nedwin developed this latter that even on Monday mornings his face is wreathed in smiles when Mr. Mitchell asks whether any lunch tickets are desired. Thus every day Edward goes about like a ray of sunshine, imparting his happiness and mirth to those among whom he moves.

Should the Wabash ever run on schedule, Ned would be on time. One of the things to which we look forward is to see this cheerful lad come into the room about ten o'clock every morning. Inasmuch as Tout is a resident of Palos Park, he has been unable to devote much time to athletics, yet we have often witnessed his great skill in baseball.

## *The Senior Class Poem*

*Who's the smallest lad this lass has ever had?  
Who's the little boy who wears the latest fad?  
Just who in all C1 is always full of fun  
From when the day begins until the day is done?  
Why Bobby Bender!*

*Who's the handsome youth that always wants to know  
Why is this? Why is that? Why are those things so?  
And who with haughty mien demands an explanation  
Of every book and author in this literary nation?*

*Walter Guthmann, of course.*

*Who's the famous traveler that eats his lunch at school,  
Thereby badly breaking our only Senior rule?  
And who lives far away in wilds of Palos Park,  
Therefore never reaching home until long after dark?*

*Ned Tourtelot.*

*Who's the one and only sheik, known both near and far?  
Who's the proud possessor of a snappy Franklin Car?  
He's tall and blonde and sought by all the fair ones in this city.  
And I am told at writing poems he's very, very witty!*

*Mr. Charles Klinetop.*

*Four years ago there came to school a youth quite shy and strange.  
Those long years among us have wrought a wondrous change.  
He's boisterous, an athlete, and very clever, too.  
In such a way as this, dear friends, I introduce to you*

*John Howland.*

*Who's the fellow in our midst that always has a smile?  
Who's jokes do we all laugh at? Who's cheery all the while?  
And who demands with mighty voice, "Have you two-fifty yet?"  
That was sure a give-away. Aren't you willing to bet  
It's Eddie Loewenthal?*

*Who's our love-sick Romeo, our dark-haired, handsome boy?  
Whose frequent, thrilling baskets make us cheer and shout for joy?  
In class he's quite subdued and often very meek,  
But in a cab or at a dance, he's very much a sheik,  
Young Mr. Kirchheimer.*

*We see artistic drawings in the magazines today.  
We marvel at their color and their beautiful display.  
But what great artist in this world can possibly compete  
With Harvard's own young genius? I'd like you now to meet  
Bernie O'Connor.*

*Every class must have a boy who is a trifle fat.  
We have a youth whose motto is "Gimme this and that."  
And I'm afraid he's not content unless the food is passed.  
In frank dismay we cry aloud, "How long can this thing last?"*

*Joe Lederer.*

*Always sunny, often funny. Now who can this be?  
In the game of basketball, a dashing sight is he.  
His pa and ma went way out West and left him all alone,  
And each time I call him I'm told he's not at home.*

*Oh Herbie Salzman!*

*One of Harvard's oldest—always calm and meek—  
Attendance records show he's here five days a week.  
As our noble president this youngster can't be beat.  
Now if I'd tell you where he lives—just across the street  
You'll know Adolph Moses.*

*Blond and curly, big and burly, football hero, too.  
No doubt his little Cleveland Six is quite well known to you.  
He takes her to the movies and is a Senior bold.  
He trips the light fantastic and other things I'm told.  
Of course, Douglas Howard.*

*Now who would think that next in line is quite a man 'bout town?  
He blushes at each thing we say from his hair down to the ground.  
He seems aloof and very shy, and marks of "A" does reap,  
But then you've heard the saying old, "Still waters run deep."*

*That's Bobby Heinsheimer.*

*Who has the reputation for being quietest of all?  
Who stays home on school nights, never loiters in the hall?  
Who can write a corking theme, who gets always "A"?  
Who's ever doing favors for us day after day?*

*Stuart Hertz.*

*On the field he's not a hero, after fair ones he's not set,  
But you find that he's the kind who makes one glad that he has met.  
He favors math and hopes to be a scientist some day.  
Who knows but that in future years he'll write a problem play?*

*Leo Schoenbrun.*

*Last, not least, in this great list comes one who's known as bold  
For writing snappy stories, and horrors grim and cold.  
Supposed to be a connoisseur of every village belle,  
But really he's not much at all. I know him well.*

*I'M this bird.*

EDWARD M. HEYMANN.

## How the Seniors Voted

<i>Most Popular</i>	Howland	Heinsheimer	Loewenthal
<i>Most Ambitious</i>	Guthmann	Schoenbrun	Tourtelot
<i>Best Student</i>	Howland	Heinsheimer	Hertz
<i>Handsomest</i>	Klinetop	Kirchheimer	Heymann
<i>Cleverest</i>	Howland	Klinetop	Bender
<i>Best Athlete</i>	Kirchheimer	Howland	Heinsheimer
<i>Most Agreeable</i>	O'Connor	Tourtelot	Heymann
<i>Biggest Eater</i>	Lederer	Heinsheimer	Howard
<i>Worst Jokes</i>	Howland	Guthmann	Klinetop
<i>Most in Love</i>	Kirchheimer	Heymann	Guthmann
<i>Most Inquisitive</i>	Guthmann	Bender	Lederer
<i>Lipton Canine</i>	Kirchheimer	Klinetop	Lederer
<i>Most Original</i>	Howland	Klinetop	Guthmann
<i>Most Daring</i>	Heymann	Salzman	Hertz
<i>Our Angels</i>	Moses	Tourtelot	Schoenbrun
<i>Most Literary</i>	Heymann	Hertz	Howland
<i>Most Alluring</i>	Guthmann	Schoenbrun	Lederer
<i>Most Sensitive</i>	Heinsheimer	Tourtelot	Guthmann
<i>Most Worthless</i>	Lederer	Howard	Bender
<i>Best Company</i>	Howland	Hertz	Heymann
<i>Most Critical</i>	Kirchheimer	Heinsheimer	Howard
<i>Tallest</i>	Bender	Moses	Lederer



## The Lineup

### TEACHERS' PETS

Rastus Howland (captain)  
The Right Honorable Robert Bender  
Saint Patrick Klinetop  
Miss Moses  
Sheik Eduardo Ben Heymann  
Rabbi Hertz

### OTHERWISES

Liza Loewenthal (captain)  
Wop Kirchheimer  
Sergeant Howard  
Convict 999  
Hoboes: Salzman, Tourtelot  
O'Connor

For score see page 62—Social Section.

### They Say

Klinetop—"I took Math because it was my hardest subject."

Howland—"I don't know—but it seems to me—"

Heymann—"Ohhhhh—she's wonderful!"

Guthmann—"W———H———Y?"

Bender—"I got Heavenly Twins."

Heinsheimer—"I can't go. I have a date."

Hertz—"I heard KI last night!"

Kirchheimer—"Do you want to join our Purity League?"

Salzman—"I can get the car tonight."

Schoenbrun—"Gee, I have a terrible headache."

Tourtelot—"Am I late?"

Lederer—"Shoot the buck."

Moses—"Oh, no! That isn't fair."

Howard—"You should have seen what I got last night."

O'Connor—"Now at tome."

Loewenthal—"How about that ad?"

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### Popular Books of the Day

"How to Become a Poet," by W. S. Guthmann.

"Jealous Wives," by Charles Willis Klinetop, Jr.

"The Black-Eyed Mystery," by J. P. Howland.

## Prophecy of the Class of 1924

Imagine my surprise when one day, as I was flying about above the clouds in my new Neverfall Straight-Eight, I ran across Edward Heymann, my old school-mate in a snappy Comingdown sport roadster.

"Hello, Ed," I shouted through my radio broadcaster, and stopped to wait for him.

He looked up, and, upon seeing me, shut off his motor. We threw our anchors overboard so that we would not fall, and Eddie, by means of his new pair of air shoes, walked over to my plane.

"Well," said he, "if it isn't my old friend, Johnnie Howland!"

"Yep," said I, "I'm still flying; it's hard to keep a good man down."

We then proceeded to be seated and hash over our school days at Harvard to the tune of some tea that my servant, who had recently been imported from Mars, brought.

Naturally our talk led to the discussion of the occupations of our former class-mates. I was surprised to learn that Ned Tourtelot was still a bachelor, but was reported to be madly in love with a chorus girl of great beauty. Walter Guthmann and Stuart Hertz, as we both knew, had started and were successfully manufacturing the "Hearnaught Radio," cheap at half the price. Doug Howard had become so enthusiastic over the study of conditions in Russia, and advocated the Russian policy so strongly, that he had recently started to edit a paper, the Bolshevikian, in which were published the life histories of the world's greatest anarchists. Eddie Loewenthal was the business manager of the paper and had himself contributed many good ideas for its platform.

We had been so interested in our conversation that we had not noticed that the wind had changed and that we had drifted over to the corner of Cloudy Street and Milky Way. Whom should we see here but two of our old class-mates. Leo Schoenbrun was standing in front of his store, when, much to our sorrow, we saw one of the three balls fall on his head. We were startled by hearing a voice crying, "News, Journal, Bolshevikian and Post; paper here," and whom should we see but Herb Salzman with a bundle of papers tucked under his arm. Thinking that we might do the poor boy a good turn, we bought one from him. I was much hurt to see that he did not recognize his old friends and was about to tell him who we were when he walked away to peddle his papers elsewhere.

We opened the paper and were confronted by the headlines which informed us that Bobby Bender was now the world's heavyweight champion boxer, having knocked out the former champion in the first ten seconds of the bout. In almost as large print was the startling announcement that Charles Willis Klinetop, Jr., the well known movie actor, was being sued by Herman S. Kirchheimer on the charge of alienating his (Herman's) wife's affections. This seemed well nigh impossible when we remembered that Herman and his wife had been childhood sweethearts. Kirch, it seemed, had obtained the services of one of the best known lawyers in the city, who, by the way, was our old class-mate, Adolph Moses, and so it appeared that friend Kliney would be out some money. We then turned to the rotogravure section and were surprised to see the picture of Robert Heinheimer, the world's greatest gum manufacturer, who had recently received letters which contained vague threats. The only clew that could be found as to the source of these was their postmarks, showing that they had been mailed from Diamond Lake, Michigan.

Suddenly the aroma of hot roasted peanuts pervaded the air and we looked around to see Beef Lederer standing on the corner, apparently selling jumbos. We alighted and went over to get some, but Joe wouldn't sell us any because he had only ten bags left and these he wanted for himself.

On our return to the plane we found a tall motorplane cop writing out a slip for parking overtime, and as we looked more closely we saw the once noble Senior, Bernie O'Connor. When he recognized us he apologized and tore up the slip, but said that he was too busy to stop and talk.

As it was getting rather late, Eddie suggested that I take dinner with him and give my opinion on his latest novel, "Wild Women I Have Known." There I spent a very enjoyable evening and was happy to meet Eddie's wife and all the little Heymanns.

THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW



# JUNIORS

RALPH KEMPNER—*President*  
RICHARD MAGNER—*Vice-President*  
WILLIAM CHON—*Secretary*



RICHARD MAGNER



RALPH KEMPNER



WILLIAM CHON

## WILLIAM CHON

This attractive youth is not like the one Gray had in mind when he wrote, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air," for he is appreciated by all who come into contact with him. Bill's ideals of the fair sex are somewhat a mystery to us, and we often wonder whether he actually lives up to them. His studiousness is well repaid by the enviable record which he has achieved in his work, and it would be very difficult to estimate the value of his literary ability to next year's annual.

## JOSEPH EISENDRATH

"And all the people country round wondered how one small head could carry all he knew." Joe, though not yet a country schoolmaster, is well on his way. His mind is a veritable store-room of data, facts, statistics and four-syllable words. His sole purpose in going to school is to enrich the comparatively dull minds of his teachers. Previous to this year, Joe's molecular stature bothered him more or less, but he has grown sufficiently to enable him to capture the attention of his audience while speaking on his travels. He always prepares his assignments famously well, and yet finds time for cheering on his team and collecting material for debates.

## WILLIAM T. FOSTER

Silence is golden and "Bill" Foster is worth his weight in gold. At the beginning of this school year, William T. was a stranger to all. Soon he became acquainted and before long we all greeted him in the morning as "Bill" and an old-time Harvardite. After the football season had started, his name was heralded about the school. Its possessor had shown himself to be an agile and effective linesman. It has been found that he acts a "delightful dancing partner" and cavalier out at Ye South Shore Country Club. A frank, well-mannered and amiable chap, this "Bill."

## JEROME S. FRESHMAN

Asked one day to describe Jerome Freshman in brief, I answered, "If pulchritude were considered a fitting characteristic to describe one of the 'Samsonian' sex, I would not hesitate to use it in association with 'Jerry'." However, I know that he has won the good-will of all his colleagues this year by his gentle, sincere and good-natured attitude. Answering, at times, to the names of "Ritz" and "Cake," it is often forgotten that Jerry has shown strong evidences of his "hemanliness" when leading cheers in a most efficient and fascinating manner.





## JACK W. HIRSCH

Jack Hirsch—an impish diplomat. He performs for his mates in classes and gets justly rewarded after them by his teachers. Merry chuckles follow him in school and proud cheers for his athletic prowess follow him in the gymnasium and on the athletic field. "Jake" is an indispensable cheer-dispenser and everybody, including the "scolding pros," enjoys him. It also must be granted that in the ball-room and at corn-husking bees, this shy lad from the South is more than an attendant; let us say, he is a fixture.

## RALPH KEMPNER

Ralph Kempner's proverbial silence was broken this year by his remarkable arguments for the students' rights. As president, he led the Junior class more successfully than would be expected for an athlete, "A" student and social lion combined. His activities were so numerous and so diverse that he had little time to realize how much he had accomplished. Moreover, we did take notice and are ready to agree that Ralph was the most usefully busy fellow in school. In every way he has shown himself to be the essential exception to the rule, "A jack of all trades and a master of none."

## LEE H. KULP

Songs and plays; automobiles and "jennies filles"; moustache and beard; humor and sophistication—of whom do these things remind one? Of course, Lee H. Kulp, versatile man-of-the-world, who distinguished himself by becoming known as a groomer of fine race horses. Yet Lee does not bend all his efforts in the direction of pleasure. He also takes great interest in politics and the business world. These interests, combined with a convenient membership in a fraternity, are only further proofs that Cousin Lee is a "real big man."

## RICHARD MAGNER

Richard Magner did his utmost to succeed his brother "Shorty" in the capacities of "C I wit" and athletic star—which energy was not expended in vain. "Duke" proved to be a reliable and essential part of the Harvard back-field and a basketball player of merit. He was also accorded the position as "new humor king," excelled by no one and favorably appreciated by all. "Dick" has an admirable personality and is well thought-of in spite of his constant effort to keep his ebony locks in perfect order and brilliance.

## RICHARD A. MEYER

Every mother is assured by her daughter that chivalry and gentlemen are not but memories of past generations, whenever this daughter is fortunate enough to have "Ran" Meyer for a friend. However, his admiring friends are not all daughters. His popularity extends to teachers and pupils at Harvard, who see his good sportsmanship and gentle nature through a gruff exterior. He was an important factor in all the football and heavyweight basketball games, but found ample time for contributing his eloquent statesmanship in the interest of his class.



## FOSTER TURNER

"Yes, sir;" Foster Turner, the same Foster of old, returned this year to be one of us again. Maybe it was the "call of the wild." At any rate, he has acquired an air of genial sophistication since we last saw him. He is so polite that one would think that he works for Harvard. On the contrary, he sacrifices high grades in an effort to follow the Epicurean philosophy. He blushes surprisingly well for a wearer of English-cut clothes and has a winning smile. We're all glad to have "Fos" with us.



## IGNATIUS CHARLES WEINFELD

On one hundred and sixty-five mornings, the roll was called in C1 and every morning it was capped with "Nat C. Weinfeld" and his responsive "Here!" This spirit of punctuality and consistency was carried by Nat to the football field, where it elevated him to an exceedingly high level in the estimation of his colleagues. Besides being a pleasure to Mr. Ford, he acted both as Kulp's protégé and savior. As yet, Lee's good steed, "Spark Plug," has not fallen victim to the feminine charms, although he has surprised himself and his friends with his newly-acquired sophistication.



## Junior Class Poem

Joe Eisendrath, still in his teens,  
Has traveled and seen all the scenes.  
Alaska, I'll bet,  
Is to him like Wilmette,  
And anyone knows what that means.

In football, Bill Foster was game,  
At U. High, 'twas really a shame,  
He fell on his head  
And woke up in bed;  
That fall was the price of his fame.

Jerry Freshman, the bantam weight star,  
Was often seen driving his car.  
Tho' he lived rather near,  
There was cause for great fear,  
As he always was going so far.

There was a young fellow called Jack.  
Of kidding he had the right knack;  
One day, while in class,  
A "wise crack" he let pass;  
The next day he didn't come back.

There's Kempner, who plays basketball;  
He never gets tired at all.  
When this quiet knave  
Takes a notion to shave,  
For someone he's taken a fall.

Then Bill Chon, who frequently said  
That surely he never would wed.  
He understood, too,  
That he'd never be blue,  
Because he was very well—"red."

—William Chon, '25.

Lee Kulp is the dashing young sheik,  
Who surely in no way is meek.  
He likes Friday nights  
Spent among the bright lights,  
Where he can make up for all week.

Dick Magner, the athletic shark,  
Was never out much after dark.  
But when it came spring,  
To hear the birds sing! ?!?!?  
His evenings he spent in the park.

At Harvard we have what is king;  
He tends to each separate thing.  
I'm sorry to say  
He doesn't get pay,  
For he's just a "Ram" at his fling.

Young Turner, the prodigal son,  
Went northward to have all his fun.  
He jumped in his bus  
Without any fuss  
Each day when his labor was done.

Ignatius, who was the class horse,  
Was made what he was by sheer force.  
One time, on a tear,  
He neighed ("nay'd") like a mare  
And broke up our meeting, of course.

# THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW





### Sophomore Class

John Sam Karger—Methinks Miss Letch gets tired of putting John's name on the Honor Roll. This intellectual star is the well-chosen president of the Sophs.

William "Defy" Berger—The big boy with the mumps is a model of perfect obedience. He is somewhat of an athlete, and has been a great help to the class in intramural activities.

Roy Farland—in this, his first year at Harvard, Roy has showed himself to be one of the school's most prized athletes. Hyde Park laments the loss of this famous star.

Jack Franks—Our cute little mischief-maker has been the recipient of numerous honors in the "studies" line. Being an ex-president, he is the leader in the doings of the A. D. S.

James Freisleben—Little wire-haired Jimmy, besides being the class treasurer, is a basketball and baseball player of some renown. "He doth evermore peep through his eyes and laugh, like parrots at a bagpiper."

J. W. "Jakie" Gimbel, Jr.—Behold the true ladies' man! Sad to relate, he is fickle, and many of his former loves are sitting in the discard, plotting revenge. Watch your step, Jake.

Harry Hanson—"Jensen" believes in the use of few, but weighty, words. He is hard to pass on the street, as most people are afraid of his size eleven boots.

Jerome Hasterlik—Jerry is a cheerful and well-liked member of the class of '26. We have an idea that he is not in sympathy with Harvard's well known rule, "Be in bed at nine."



### Sophomore Class

Left to right, standing: Hasterlik, Berger, Hanson, Stein, Farland, Labarthe, Levis  
 Seated: Mandel, Spiegel, Freisleben, Karger, Pfaelzer, Gimbel, Schmadig  
 Franks Swartzchild

Elmore Labarthe—This wild addition to our class is a noted drug store fan, and a profitable patron of Mr. Weiss.

Robert Levis—"Tis feared that this small two-hundred-ten-pound child is undernourished, since, to his three square meals he is accustomed to add only three banana splits each day. A generous and pleasant gentleman is he.

Fred Mandel—This handsome Romeo is another helpful athlete. He has recently returned from abroad, where he took in all the art galleries, etc.

Melvin "Canter" Pfaelzer—Our blond equestrian is the winner of numerous beauty shows. The factories are working double shifts to produce enough blue ribbons for him.

Lawrence Schmadig—Another specimen of the curly-headed variety. He is subject to exceedingly changeable moods, playing the role of Jack Dempsey, Rudolph, and Sir Isaac Newton.

Arthur Spiegel—The class' best athlete. An ardent follower of the fair sex. The latter are much enchanted by his rare comeliness.

"Doctor" Albert Stein—Our corpulent six-footer, 'gainst whose weight few can survive. The day Al was born the first joke was cracked.

William Swartzchild—A great track man. If Mr. Wilson did not believe Billy to be a good student he would be easily convinced by this young lawyer.

## Sophomore Class Poem

Let's call the roll of the Sophomore Class,  
 Victorious, triumphant, in the year that's past;  
 We've won each sport at which we've tried,  
 And with our work we're satisfied.

John "Sam" is quite the shy old boy.  
 He fills his teachers' hearts with joy;  
 His cousin "Jake" with neat-combed hair  
 Torments "Doc" Speigel to despair.  
 Our little friend "Swart" is the king of sheiks,  
 With flashing eyes and rosy cheeks;  
 His good friend "Mel" is a rider of skill.  
 A look from Hanson—'snuff to kill.  
 Schnadig cracks a witty joke,  
 And Mr. Wilson asks who spoke.  
 Jimmy, the boy with complexion fair,  
 Does oft provoke the girls to stare.  
 When Mr. Wilson's voice is shrill,  
 Stein knows that them he must keep still.  
 There's jolly Levis, who *can* play ball,  
 And in his size he excels them all;  
 And now we come upon Jack Franks,  
 Who makes us laugh with all his pranks.  
 Labarthe, of smooth and haughty mien,  
 With friends at Weiss' is often seen.  
 There's Jerry and Freddy, who're cronies they say,  
 And with the girls they're very gay.  
 When Berger is told to stay till four,  
 You may well know that someone's sore;  
 And last upon our roll of fame  
 We find the athlete, Roy Farland's name.

Thus of the Sophomore Class you've heard,  
 And of their fame we have averred;  
 So a place in the heavens we'd now affix  
 For this wondrous class of twenty-six.

JOHN S. KARGER.  
 JACK M. FRANKS.





### Freshman Writeups

Robert Asher—"A well chosen president," say the Freshmen. A good student, but 'tis said he goes out on school nights. Careful, Bobby!

David Cochrane—The handsome young Irishman who is seeking a permanent residence in C1.

Justin Cohn—"Just" took his father's car one day, and gossips tell us that he has not done it since.

Don Craig—"This isn't the way we do it in Mattoon," says Don, when perplexed by a new method in vogue at Harvard.

Duane Cressy—This young man is a mild edition of the elder Cressy. Nevertheless, we have high hopes for Duane.

Brooks Emory—The cleverest poet in school. We'll all buy your book of verses as soon as it is published.

Robert Franks—Whosoever attended the Big Debate knows wherein lies this youth's talent.

Ward Hamilton—We wonder why Ward is so happy all the time. He is continually singing love songs.

Joseph Hart—Mrs. Hart's own man-child. Joe is a fighter beyond reproach. Hats off!

Maxwell Heymann—An accomplished Latin student. Max is a quiet youth—but they say "Silence is golden."

Lewis Howard—Radio claims the interest of Doug's young brother. How can two young men be so totally different?



Charles Kalke—Never speaks much, but everything he says means something worth knowing.

Hamilton Moses—Can be seen any Sunday afternoon strolling along with one of the opposite sex. Starting young, Hammy!

Jerome O'Connor—Back again after an absence of one year, which was one year too long.

Delbert Pyle—A hero on the football field—as well as in the Drug Store.

Morton Reiss—From Toledo to Chicago is a long way for a little boy to travel, but we're mighty glad he is here among us.

William Schuyler—We are told that he comes to school in a different car every day. Say, Billy, lend us one some night.

Thomas Skillman—This lad has the unique honor of being the only Freshman on the "Heavies."

Jack Wieland—The curly-headed favorite whose greatest mistake is that he eats in school.

Paul Willis—His daring athletic stunts cause many a fair heart to beat fast.

John Wineman—Last, but not least, comes Big John, about whom more good things might be said than could be printed on this page.

## **IN MEMORIAM**

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ON MAY 22, 1924, ROBERT EMANUEL, THE  
SON OF MR. AND MRS. JACOB FRANKS,  
WAS TAKEN BY DEATH. HE WAS IN HIS  
FOURTEENTH YEAR AND A MEMBER OF  
OUR FRESHMAN CLASS. ROBERT WAS A  
MOST INTELLIGENT AND LOVABLE YOUTH,  
AND THE SYMPATHY OF OUR WHOLE  
SCHOOL GOES OUT TO THE BEREAVED  
PARENTS.



## Freshman Class Poem

We start with Asher, our president.  
Bill Black is new, from Hyde Park sent.  
Then Cressy, his brother's protégé,  
And Justin Cohn—some kid, we'll say.  
Don Craig, our poet laureate,  
And Cochrane, who in C1 sate.  
Ray Dawe, the sheik of sheiks is he.  
And here's the great Brooks Emory.  
Bob Franks, is smallest in our class.  
Ward waits for K. I. girls to pass.  
Joe Hart is quite a boxing fan,  
And goes around with Max Heymann.  
Young Howard loves his K. Y. Z.  
And Kahlke, a quiet lad is he.  
Hammy's looks have won him fame.  
O'Connor has a royal name.  
Pyle comes late most every morn,  
Mort Reiss was in Toledo born.  
Schuyler, smartest of them all;  
And Skillman plays good basketball.  
"Ape's" our greatest athlete,  
At baseball, Wieland can't be beat.  
And now we come to "Ike," our friend,  
That's all, this poem is at an end.

MAXWELL HEYmann, '27.

# THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW





## Eighth Grade

FRED BARNHART

JOSEPH BECK

CHARLES CLARK

ROBERT COHN

DAVID DUNGAN

TOM EASTMAN

ROBERT ENGEL

JULIUS FREEHLING

MAURICE GRESHAM

WALTER HAMMEL

WALTER JOHNSON

HAROLD KIRCHHEIMER

CALVIN LEAVITT

MELVERNE MAEGERLEIN

GERSON MARKS

JOSEPH MEYER

MATTHEW MEYER

CLARENCE McCARTHY

GORDON McGEEFFE

NED SIMS

DAVID STERN

ROBERT SWARTCHILD

JAMES SWARTCHILD

JACK SULLIVAN

ROBERT VIERLING

FRANK WARREN

JEROME WIEN



### Seventh Grade

GEORGE ANDREWS  
LEONARD ASHER  
WALTER BAER  
FREDERICK BRUCKER  
WILLIAM CAHN  
JOHN COLEMAN  
HERBERT DEANS  
GUY EDERHEIMER  
WILLIAM GILLIES  
STANLEY GOODFRIEND  
EDGAR GOLDSMITH  
PHILIP GRATHWOL  
FRED HOLMES  
AUGUST KREUZKAMP  
PHILIP LEDERER

ARTHUR LEVY  
WILLIAM McCARTHY  
BILLY McROY  
JOSEPH MOSSMAN  
LOUIS NEW  
EDWARD OPPENHEIMER  
GEORGE PEARSON  
FRANK PIERCE  
JOHN RUTHERFORD  
ALBERT ROTHSCHILD  
HAROLD SESSIONS  
DICK SKILLMAN  
EDWARD SIGMAR  
ALLEN THOMAS

# THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW



## The Primary Department

BY MISS MOORE

In the pleasant, sunny rooms on the first and second floors, and in the back wing, many a great career may be said to be begun. Here, toiling over the artistic reproduction of a cat or a chicken, sit some of the future art editors of the "Review." A pen that now scrapes so laboriously over D-O-G, may, in a few years, be dashing off a poem in blank verse that will amaze Mr. Mitchell and the class in English VI. While not very definite evidence is often given here at so early a stage as to the exact bent these careers are going to follow, it is, nevertheless, in the Primary Department that are formed the habits leading to success in any walk of life, habits of perseverance and industry.

Great educators agree as to the overwhelming importance of the first eight or ten years of the child's life. It is in the last and most critical years of this plastic period that the Primary Department takes up the fascinating task of moulding and shaping character. It is in these early years of school that there comes into play for the first time in the child's life that important factor, the social instinct, which must be guided and developed. Here, under enlightened guidance, the future member of society learns to work and to play with his fellow beings in a way that is profitable and beneficial both to himself and to them. He learns to sacrifice his own immediate desire, however pressing, when it is contrary to the will and welfare of the group, just as he will be called upon to do in later years, as a member of society. In the schoolroom and on the playground, the child is constantly meeting situations which call forth the same reactions as will be elicited by situations in later life, however dissimilar these may appear on the surface. Here, then, in the Primary Department, is true social life begun, and the child is learning even more than the simple tools of knowledge, reading, writing, and arithmetic; he is learning to live. The Romans surely recognized the importance of the socializing aspect of education, since the Latin word for "game," "ludus," is the same as one of the words for "school."

If anyone should doubt that, as the Romans hint, the process of learning may be a pleasure when this social aspect is developed by the wise teachers directing it, let him pass by the doors of these primary rooms when, for example, a music period is in progress. The chorus of happy voices that rises and falls in unison gives evidence that not only musical taste and ability are being cultivated, but that the social instinct also is being given outlet just as much as it is on the playground.

Where the social instinct is thus being cultivated and guided, there are inevitably instilled, in the same process, ideals of fair play, unselfishness, responsibility to one's self and one's group, and high standards of excellence in work. An interested observer may often look into one of the rooms on the second floor and find a class working earnestly at its problems, entirely on its own responsibility, the teacher having stepped out for a minute. Surely, the spirit shown by these pupils rests on the strong foundations of character development described above; and so one might analyze all the different types and phases of primary work, showing the forces back of each, and the contribution of each to the development of character, from the first grade up through the sixth.

When, at the close of the Sixth Grade, a boy leaves Mrs. Johnson's room after a year under her loving and unfaltering guidance and discipline, and after five previous years under teachers inspired by the same interests and ideals—when a boy passes from here into the Higher Department, he has already had laid for him a foundation of firm and enduring character. Happily, the members who go thus equipped into the Seventh Grade are constantly increasing, as is also the enrollment throughout the Primary Department.

## Here and There in the Primary Department

John Nelson was the cause of considerable disturbance one day, so he was kept after school, his teacher suggesting that he might greatly improve his conduct. This he affirmed, and added that he could be the best boy in the room if he tried. When asked to try the next day to prove the correctness of his boast, Johnnie quickly replied, "Oh, no, I can't do that; I'm like the sly little fox—I have a lot of tricks yet."

Harold Martin was another disturbing element of whom the teacher one day asked, "Harold, what would you do if you were a teacher and had a little boy who insisted on talking all the time?"

The little fellow looked up with a beautiful, dimpled smile that quickened almost into a laugh as he said, "I wouldn't do anything to a little boy!"

One day, as the teacher passed down the aisle, she noticed a mistake on an arithmetic paper, and remarked, "No, Henry, three and four do not make six." Henry looked first at the paper and then at his teacher, ejaculating, "My God, they don't, do they?"

Two boys, "fisting" each other all the way to the door, were asked by the teacher if it were impossible for them to leave the room without fighting. Just then Adolph interrupted. "Gee, you two fellows ought to get married. Then you could fight all the time."

Harold Allerson, to his teacher—"I have the nicest Christmas present for you—it's a secret—two pretty handkerchiefs."

Robert Mitchell was sent to the office to report his own tardiness, but instead he went home. When he returned, he said, "You know, the last time I went to the office it was so uninteresting that I didn't enjoy it a bit, and so I thought I'd just go on home."

In a reading lesson, one boy had trouble to understand the word "frog," and to clear up the situation his teacher asked, "Haven't you ever seen a frog hopping about?" A look of intelligence came over his face as he said, "Oh, yes! Once I caught one and squeezed the juice out of it, and then I stepped on it to make it pop."

A class was learning the song of the cuckoo clock, when suddenly a little boy in the class, apparently much amused, said, "It's funny to learn a song about a clock that doesn't work." "Cuckoo" to him had another meaning.

THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW



SIXTH GRADE



FIFTH GRADE

THIS TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW



FOURTH GRADE



THIRD GRADE

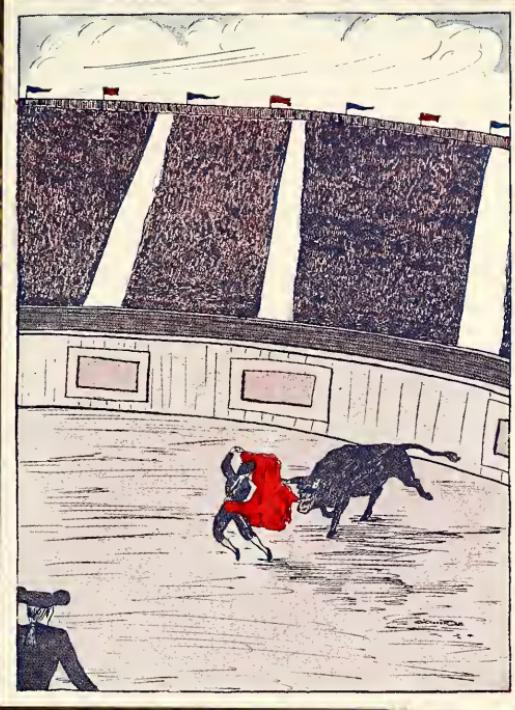
THIS TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW



SECOND GRADE



FIRST GRADE



## Activities





## Farewell Banquet for Dr. Frew

On the 5th of October, 1923, the students and teachers of the Harvard School gathered at the Cooper Carlton Hotel to attend the banquet given in honor of Dr. Frew. The attendance was unusually large and it was a wonderful testimonial to the popularity of "Doc" that so many were present. After many fine speeches, of which those of Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Pence and Mrs. Johnson stood out, a beautiful clock bearing the inscription "To Dr. Frew from his friends at the Harvard School" was presented the guest of honor. In reply, he made a touching address in which he told us how much his work at the school had meant to him and how he hated to leave us. There was hardly a dry eye to be seen when he finished. Then the banquet broke up, everyone having wished "Doc" the best of success and happiness in his new work.

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## Thanksgiving Dance

On November 30, 1923, the Thanksgiving dance, always one of the brilliant events on the social calendar, was given. This particular one was no exception to the rule. The music was furnished by a Clarence Jones orchestra which, while not so wonderful, could have been worse. The refreshments, consisting of doughnuts and cider, were delicious, and the floor was a marvel of smoothness and slipperiness. Promptly at 12 o'clock, as should be the custom at all proper parties, the dancing ceased, a fine time having been had by all.

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## Football Banquet

On Friday night, December 3, 1923, Captain Howard rewarded his valiant men with a banquet at the Chicago Beach Hotel. The food, as usual, was delicious, from the appetizer all the way down to the coffee. After all had eaten their fill, Captain Howard, Coach Williams and Mr. Pence gave speeches in which they reviewed the record of the team for the past season. The presentation of "H" sweaters to those receiving the major "H" followed. Sweaters were given to Captain Howard, Captain-elect Spiegel, Wineman, Loewenthal, Howland, Meyer, Foster, Magner, Farland and Kirchheimer. Hirsch, Weinfeld, Labarthe, O'Connor and Dawe were awarded the minor "H."

## Basketball Banquet

On Friday night, March 21, the event to which the basketball men of '24 had been looking forward for so many months, took place. This was none other than the banquet in their honor, given at the old stamping grounds of all Harvard affairs, the "Beach." It is needless to describe the food, everyone knows that it was superb. Owing to unfortunate circumstances our principals, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Pence, were unable to attend, but their absence was, to a great extent, made up for by the fine speeches of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Alwood and Coach Williams. Letters were awarded, the heavyweights receiving the major and the lightweights the minor "H." Richard Meyer was then elected heavyweight captain for 1925 and Jack Hirsch was accorded a similar honor by the lightweights.

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## Spring Dance

Friday, April 11, was the day set for what was destined to be an epoch in Harvard dances. The music, always the most important factor in the success or failure of a dance, was rendered by a Husk O'Hare orchestra in a toe-tickling and soul-stirring manner that left nothing to be desired. This alone would have been sufficient to insure the success of the evening, but other features were not lacking. The icy-coolness of the punch, the crisp and crumbly cookies that seemed to melt in one's mouth, the screams of the girls, caused by the bursting of the many-colored balloons, the bright streams and showers of the rainbow-hued confetti and the alternating red, blue, green and purple lights cast from the balcony upon the whirling couples imparted a brilliance and a lustre to the affair that will not be soon forgotten by those who were privileged to attend it. As one enthusiastic guest was heard to remark, it was indeed "The best dance Harvard ever gave."

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## Senior Stag Banquet

On Commencement Day, June thirteenth, a banquet given by and for the Seniors will be held at the Sisson Hotel. As this dinner will mark the final gathering of the Class of '24, it is expected to be one of the finest affairs ever given by Harvardites. Speeches, extolling the virtues of the Class, will be given by all those present and strictest formality will prevail. Thus, the history of the Class is sure to end in a blaze of glory.

## The Commencement Dance

As the Review goes to the printer, plans are being made for the Commencement Dance, which is to take place on the night of June fourteenth. It is difficult to make any predictions concerning the dance, but the Senior Class is making preparations to make it an unusually fine affair. As yet there has been no announcement made as to what orchestra will render the music, but we feel sure that the Dance Committee, consisting of Heinsheimer, Howard, Howland, Heymann and Loewenthal, will obtain the services of the best.

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## St. Patrick's Day Game

The great Saint Patrick's Day game between the Teachers' Pets and the Otherwises was one which dear old Harvard will never forget. The two teams fought tooth and nail for every point, and as the fourth quarter began were tied 11,963 to 11,963. The last quarter was the deciding one. The play was as follows:

Scoring started immediately. Loewenthal (see lineup), after Howland had laid a beautiful mashie pitch dead to the cup, scooped up the ball on the run and dashed between the goal posts for a love game. As he laid the ball down, however, Moses soaked him in the ribs with his left and he was awarded two free throws. He missed them both and Bender, leaping to his full height, seized the puck and shot it down to Moses, who tossed it over the fence for a home run. Nothing daunted, Kirchheimer adjusted his saddle-girth and set out in pursuit of Heymann, who was circling the bases at full speed. He drew even with him on the forty-five yard line and brought him down for a nine count with a right to the heart. They clinched and the referee cried "Break!" so startling O'Connor that he dubbed his approach and struck out on three pitched balls. This left the Teachers' Pets on the ten yard line with two minutes to go. The signal called for a forward pass when Howard was seen rounding the final turn. Galloping gracefully he breasted the tape, winner by six strokes. Tourtelot advanced to the plate. The count was 40-5, Moses serving, when Ned caught one of his shots on the end of his niblick and sent the ball into the side pocket for a basket. Pandemonium reigned and the ground was soon a mass of filthy mud. Under cover of the confusion, the Teachers' Pets injected Pence, Mitchell, Alwood, Wilson, Moore and Ford into the lineup and when the Otherwises saw them they conceded the touchdown. This gave the game to the Pets, six-love.

## Banquet for Senior Class Given by Mr. Mitchell

At the present writing, the Senior Class is looking forward with great eagerness to the dinner which is to be given it by its most highly esteemed friend and teacher, Mr. Mitchell. Judging by other affairs of which he has been the host this one is certain to be most delightful, and a joyous and happy evening is assured for all those who will have the good fortune to "eat potatoes with" Mr. Mitchell. All the Seniors have already been given permission by their host to make any after-dinner engagements they may desire, for, as he so wisely puts it, he understands full well that American youths love to do other things besides eat.

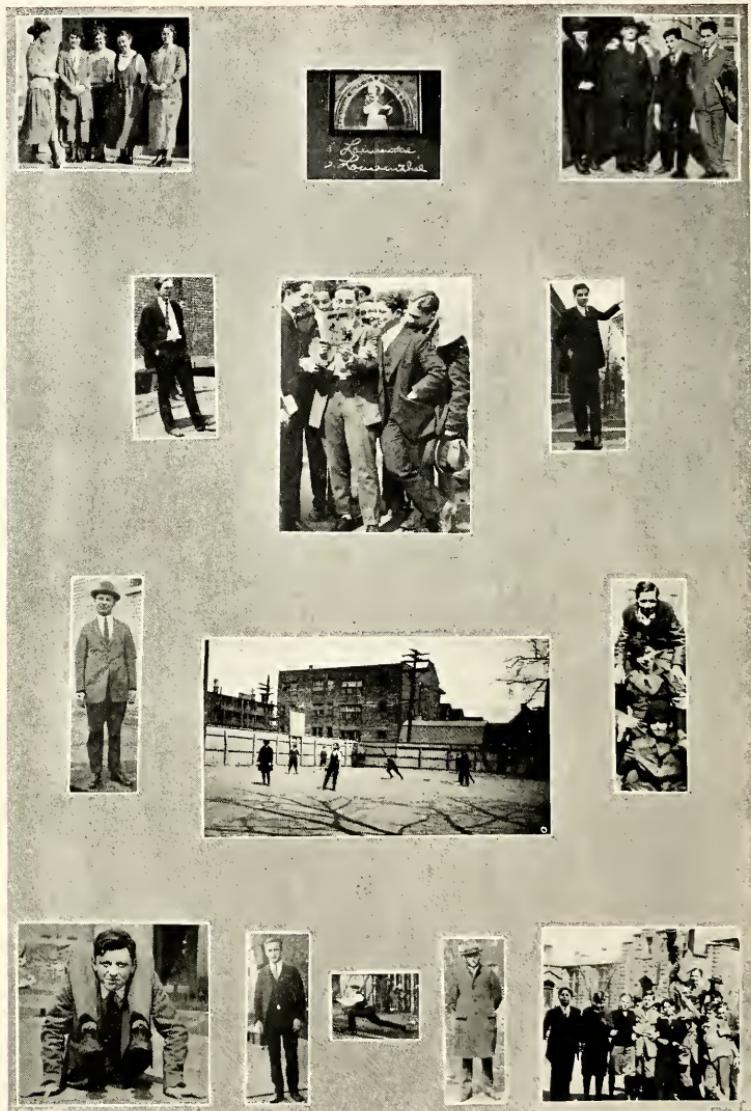
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## The "Review" Dinner

The dinner given by the Editors of "The Twenty-Four Review" promises to be one of the finest of its kind ever attended by any of the Harvard School staffs. The affair will be held at the Cooper Carlton Hotel, and many surprises are in store for everyone. One of the three Editors will dedicate the "Review" to Dr. Frew. Another will give a short speech on the work of the Staff and its accomplishments as shown by the publication itself, while the third Editor will act as toastmaster of the evening.

Doubtless there will be other speeches by members of the faculty, who will honor the Staff by their presence, and there is every indication that a pleasant evening will be had by all who will attend.

# THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW





## Athletics





## The Gang

In handling boys' work, every phase of their life must be taken into consideration. You have heard often, no doubt, some boy saying that he was going out with the gang. Little did that boy realize that we was obeying some instinct of which he knew very little.

The gang spirit is the basis for most of the activities of the boy between the ages of nine and eighteen. Through these gang activities the boy has a chance to express himself, and the wise father or mother who has learned to interpret these expressions is the one who is on the right road to understand fully his or her boy and direct him aright.

A boy must have companions, and to realize himself, he must have a group of companions, or in other words, a gang. To deprive a boy of such associations is to limit his social education.

Most parents are afraid of the gang spirit because they feel, in a way, that the boy's loyalty and thoughts have been weaned away from the home and the little brother or sister, because there is hardly room in the boy's mind for more

than *his* gang. The reaction of the boy toward his gang fills some deep-seated, unconscious want, such as in the tribal days the clan must have felt for their chieftain, and in their reaction is born the captain or leader of the gang.

The activities of the gang are not all wrongdoing. In fact most of their depredations are done in a spirit of fun and adventure. Substitute something that will satisfy this love for fun and adventure and you will see the apparently harmful activities disappear.

The gang is controlled mostly by primitive impulses, such as plaguing people, fighting and stealing. Plaguing people is done collectively rather than individually, no one in the neighborhood being safe from these little tyrants. Plaguing girls is one of their chief sports, but who will deny that this is a wise provision of nature, as it tends to keep the sexes apart between the ages of ten and sixteen.

Fighting is the greatest virtue the gang has. There is nothing like a good fight between boys equal in age and strength to teach physical and moral courage. Encourage your boy, especially if he is of a retiring nature, to stand up and fight, especially if it is for the honor of the gang, because right there are born the three fundamental virtues—loyalty, self-sacrifice and the get-together spirit.

Stealing is an answer to the craving for possession of property. At first it is something to eat, such as fruit, and so forth, and the other fellow's orchard always holds the sweetest treat. The theft of money is usually to get possession of playthings needed by the gang. The big thing for the wise father is not so much to find out what he stole, but why he stole.

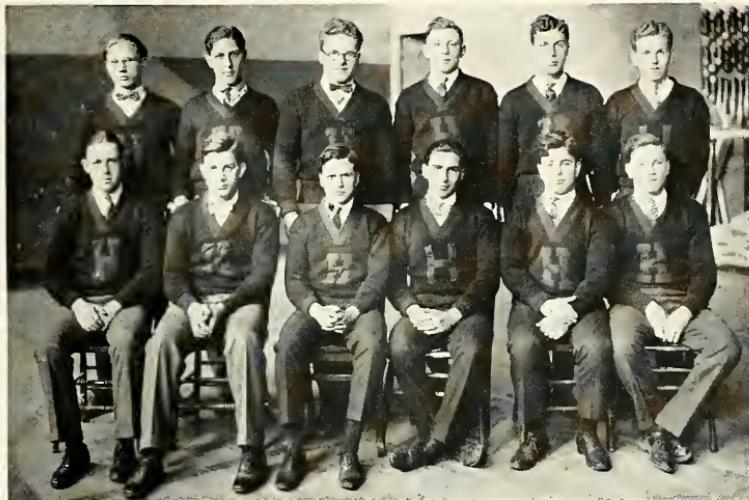
My advice to parents, especially you fathers, is to sit down and think back to the time when you were boys. Remember, if you can, the cravings you had, and let this sink deeply: The boy of to-day is no different from the one in your day—what he is, you have probably made him, not intentionally, but usually from the lack of understanding or sympathy with the gang spirit.

I congratulate the faculty and the boys on the wonderful showing the athletic teams have made this year. Mr. Williams certainly deserves a great deal of credit, coming as he did, after the start of the football season and then getting the results he achieved.

While my new position fills a great deal of my time and interests, I wish you all to know that I am still a pro-tem member of the faculty and as such I shall always feel a great deal of interest in your successes and failures.

The old saying, "One gets out of anything only what he puts into it" may be so, but, in conclusion, I wish to say that I received more love and affection from the faculty and the boys of the Harvard School than I could ever possibly put into it.

ANGUS M. FREW.



### "H" Club

Left to right, standing: Farland, Wineman, Howard, Howland, Meyer, Foster  
Seated: Magner, Kirchheimer, V.-Pres., Heinsheimer, Pres., Kempner,  
Loewenthal, Spiegel.

The "H" Club, a new organization at Harvard, was formed early in the school year to promote better athletics in the school. The plan was that the "H" Club, composed, as it is, of letter men, could introduce a better spirit, a higher athletic standard, and produce better teams than Harvard has heretofore had. How well it has succeeded in its purpose is best shown by the past season.

Originally it was composed of the six major letter men from last year. At the close of the basket ball season it had doubled its membership. Any man who has at any time won a major "H" automatically becomes a member. It is purely an athletic organization.

Its functions are as follows: One—To help award letters. Two—To prevent the neglecting of practice. Three—To help enforce the training rules. Fourth—To further athletics as much as possible.

The "H" Club has done wonders considering that it is a new organization. May it continue to grow bigger and better as time goes on.



## Heavyweight Football

### Line-up

R. E. Kirchheimer  
R. T. Howard  
R. G. Wimeman  
C. Loewenthal  
L. G. Howland  
L. T. Meyer, O'Connor

L. E. Foster  
Q. B. Willis, Hirsch  
R. H. B. Farland  
F. B. Magner  
L. H. B. Spiegel  
Subs. Dawe, Labarthe

## Individual Writeups

### FOOTBALL

HOWARD, Captain of the team, was one of the mainstays of the line and also gained much yardage as fullback when the occasion demanded.

FARLAND, star of the backfield, made a great part of the team's yardage. He plunged through the line as well as skirted the ends and was always a marked man after the first few minutes of play.

FOSTER was a hard man to get around as other teams found to their sorrow. He played excellent football throughout the season.

HOWLAND was the star punter of the team. During the entire season not one of his punts was blocked. In addition, his toe added several points through field goals.

KIRCHHEIMER was one of the reasons why so few end runs were attempted against Harvard. He was one of the best receivers of forward passes on the team.

LOEWENTHAL was the plucky Center of the team. In one game he played with a badly injured finger. At all times his passes were fast and accurate.

MAGNER was the plunging Fullback of the team. He fought hard, tackled clean and played an excellent brand of football.

MEYER, at Tackle, could always be relied upon to get his man. He was one of the mainstays of his side of the line.

SPIEGEL was one of the stars of the team. Playing at Halfback, his plunges and end runs always counted for a considerable amount of ground. His tackles were accurate and clean. He has well earned the honor of being given next year's captaincy.

WINEMAN was the only Freshman on the squad to get his major letter. On defense he held his ground and on offense was sure to rip a hole through the opposing line.

DAWE sustained a broken collarbone early in the season and was not able to play a great deal. He may look forward to a fine future in football as he has yet three years at Harvard.

HIRSCH. Although Hirsch did not play much during the early part of the season his excellent work during the latter part is worthy of the highest praise.

LABARTHE was unfortunate enough to enroll at Harvard shortly after football practice started and thus was handicapped in getting started. He played in several games and was a willing worker.

B. O'CONNOR was one of the stars of the team. He was injured in the first U. High game and was unable to play the remainder of the season. His loss was greatly felt by the team.

WEINFELD, although he was not able to take an active part in the games, he was always on hand if needed. His perseverance and spirit deserve great praise.

WILLIS played Quarterback for a great part of the season. When called upon to carry the ball he was sure to gain ground. He was safety man and a sure tackler.

Scores of Games

Harvard.....	0	Francis Parker.....	13
Harvard.....	0	U. High .....	9
Harvard.....	6	Chicago Latin .....	6
Harvard.....	0	North Shore C. D.....	0
Harvard.....	7	Lindblom Seconds.....	0
Harvard.....	9	Maine Township.....	0
Harvard.....	0	U. High .....	7
Total, Harvard...	<u>22</u>	Opponents' Total.....	<u>35</u>

## Harvard, 0—Francis Parker, 13

Harvard opened its football season Columbus Day by a hard-fought battle with Francis Parker, the north side school winning by 13 to 0. The first quarter was fought with very little advantage on either side. In the first minute of the second quarter Parker made a touchdown on a forward pass to Stevens. After this most of the playing was in Francis Parker's territory. There was no scoring in the third quarter, but in the last few minutes of the fourth Francis Parker clinched the game when Holsman crossed the line for a touchdown. Stevens kicked the goal. Farland, Spiegel and O'Connor starred for Harvard and Stevens and the Holsman brothers for our opponents.

## Harvard, 0—U. High, 9

Fumbles again cost Harvard a game, U. High winning 9 to 0. A touchdown by Snider and a dropkick by Halahan, both in the last quarter, scored the winning points. Harvard outplayed U. High in the first two quarters, the half ending with the ball in the possession of Harvard on the first down on U. High's ten-yard line. The Harvard players showed much improvement over their playing in the Francis Parker game. The team played a fine game, Howard, O'Connor and Farland starring for Harvard, while Allen and Halahan played good football for U. High. Howland of Harvard kicked well.

## Harvard, 6—Chicago Latin, 6

In a game that was played on a wet and slippery field, Harvard tied Chicago Latin 6-6. After Willis had made a spectacular tackle of Murray, who, it seemed, was certain to make a touchdown, Harvard held for downs. Howland kicked, but Agar fumbled. Farland picked up the ball and ran forty yards for a touchdown. In the fourth quarter Carroll, of Latin, ran fifty yards and tied the score. The goal was missed after each touchdown. Foster, Farland and Loewenthal took stellar honors for Harvard, while Carroll did good work for our opponents.

## Harvard, 0—North Shore Country Day, 0

With the score 0 to 0, thirty seconds to play and the ball on the three-yard line, Harvard was unable to gain the necessary yardage on the fourth down and the North Shore-Harvard game ended in a scoreless tie. Only one other chance to score was given either team, this coming in the second quarter when Farland missed a field goal from the twenty-yard line. Howard starred for Harvard.

## Harvard, 7—Lindbloom, 0

Farland's touchdown in the first period gave Harvard a hard-fought victory over Lindbloom Sophomores. Howland kicked the goal after the touchdown. After this Harvard twice carried the ball within the five-yard line, but failed to score. The last part of the game was played in darkness and the spectators and officials had great difficulty in following the plays. Farland, Spiegel and Hirsch starred for Harvard.

## Harvard, 9—Maine Township, 0

Harvard proved too strong for the Maine Township High School of Des Plaines and our heavies won the game by a score of 9-0. This was the third successive game in which Harvard's opponents failed to score. In the second period Farland broke away for a thrilling run of twenty-five yards which netted a touchdown and shortly afterwards Howland kicked a beautiful field goal from the forty-yard line. Later in the game he punted seventy yards and Harvard recovered the ball on Maine's twenty-yard line, but the game was over before we could score again. Farland and Spiegel starred along with Howland.

## Harvard, 0—U. High, 7

In the last game of the season, the entire final period of which was played in almost total darkness, U. High won a fast football game from Harvard, 7 to 0. A touchdown by Alford, followed in the third quarter with a goal by Proudfoot, were the only points scored. In all quarters excepting the third Harvard played as well as, if not better than, the Midway school, the passing game of Harvard being far superior to that of U. High. Harvard completed two out of three passes made, while two of U. High's passes were intercepted and the third dropped close to the goal line. The stars for Harvard were Farland and Meyer; for U. High, Proudfoot and Allen.



HEAVYWEIGHT BASKETBALL

Left to right, standing: Meyer, Skillman, Kempner  
Seated: Spiegel, Magner, Kirchheimer, Capt. Farland

Line-up

R. F. Kirchheimer  
L. F. Spiegel, Magner  
C. Meyer  
L. G. Kempner  
R. G. Farland  
Sub. Skillman

## Heavyweights

KIRCHHEIMER, captain of the heavies, was high scoring man of his team. His floor work and shooting were the factors that brought the heavies out on top in many of their struggles.

FARLAND was the standing guard of the heavies. His speed and close guarding splendidly protected Harvard's basket.

KEMPNER was always kept closely guarded after the first few minutes of play because of his ability to sink the long ones. In spite of this his shooting ended many games in Harvard's favor. In addition, his guarding was of the best variety.

MAGNER, one of the forwards, was always a dangerous man and likely to cage a basket at any time. His ability to play in any position made him a very valuable man.

MEYER, at center, was the pivot man of both offense and defense. He filled his position efficiently and was a great help to the team. Next year's team will find a wonderful center and captain in deck.

SPIEGEL was the star dribbler and shooter. At forward his play was of the highest quality and his ability to hit the basket was one of the reasons for Harvard's fine record this season.

HEINSHIMER, as well as playing on the lightweights, served as a substitute on the heavies.

SKILLMAN. Although Tom did not play regularly he was always on hand whenever needed. He has quite a future in basket ball as he has three more years ahead of him at Harvard, and we look for big things from him in succeeding years.

### SCORES

Harvard.....	25	Alumni .....	15
Harvard.....	10	St. Patrick .....	11
Harvard.....	35	Luther .....	10
Harvard.....	12	North Shore C. D.	16
Harvard.....	13	Francis Parker .....	12
Harvard.....	17	Chicago Latin .....	8
Harvard.....	16	Todd .....	12
Harvard.....	26	Luther .....	13
Harvard.....	21	Francis Parker .....	10
Harvard.....	25	Bowen .....	19
Harvard.....	23	Todd .....	17
Harvard.....	13	North Shore C. D.	15
Harvard.....	22	Morgan Park .....	24
Harvard.....	11	Bowen .....	20
Harvard.....	18	U. High .....	19
Harvard.....	15	U. High .....	11
Harvard.....	<hr/> 302	Opponents .....	<hr/> 232



LIGHTWEIGHT BASKETBALL

Left to right, standing: Freisleben, Klinetop, Hirsch  
Seated: Salzman, Heinsheimer, Capt. Schoenbrun, Willis

Line-up

R. F. Hirsch  
L. F. Willis, Schoenbrun, Kempner  
C. Klinetop  
R. G. Salzman  
L. G. Heinsheimer  
Subs. Spiegel, Frieslaben

## Lightweights

HEINSHEIMER, captain of the lights, was the only regular back from last season. He played a consistent game at standing guard throughout the season.

HIRSCH was tied for high score honors of the lights. With his fine floor work and fighting spirit added to this, one cannot help but see what a valuable man Jack was. Next year's lights will have an able leader when Hirsch takes the floor as captain.

KEMPNER shared high score honors with Hirsch. He played a good all around game and was used whenever the lights needed that added punch to come out on top.

KLINETOP, center of the lights, played a steady game. He was never taken out in any game.

SALZMAN, as running guard, exhibited a wonderful brand of basket ball. A stone wall on defense, his brilliant passing and timely shooting did much to bring up Harvard's percentage of victories during the year.

SCHOENBRUN was an excellent dribbler and shooter. The fact that he could guard as well as shoot made him particularly valuable.

WILLIS was one of the best floormen on the lights. His accurate passing was directly responsible for many of the lightweights' baskets. His shooting and dribbling also made him invaluable to his team.

FRIESLEBEN was one of the utility men and was always on hand when needed. Much is expected of him in the seasons to come.

SPIEGEL, besides playing regularly on the heavies, was often called upon to help the lights. This he did with the same ability that characterized his work with the heavies.

Harvard.....	5	St. Patrick .....	33
Harvard.....	14	Luther .....	16
Harvard.....	35	Hyde Park A. C..	17
Harvard.....	18	Todd .....	16
Harvard.....	21	Francis Parker ....	14
Harvard.....	8	Chicago Latin .....	7
Harvard.....	14	Luther .....	23
Harvard.....	10	Francis Parker ....	3
Harvard.....	17	Bowen .....	26
Harvard.....	18	Morgan Park .....	16
Harvard.....	1	Bowen .....	16
Harvard.....	15	U. High .....	13
Harvard.....	17	Todd .....	10
Harvard.....	20	U. High .....	12
Harvard.....	213	Opponents .....	222



## BANTAMWEIGHT BASKETBALL

Left to right, standing: Freshman, Moses, Gimbel  
 Seated: Chon, Bender, Ederheimer, Capt. Cohn

## THE BANTAMS

The Bantams had a very successful season, winning three out of four games. The Bantams-Todd games were some of the best of the season. The individual team members displayed a fine spirit and gained a knowledge of the game that will be of great use to them in the next few years.

Chon and Freshman played an excellent brand of basketball as guards. Moses at center was one of the strongest men on the team. Ederheimer, the captain, and Cohn and Bender were responsible for the team's points from the forward position. Gimbel and Hart served ably as substitutes. The success of the team was a great but pleasant surprise to everyone.

## BANTAM SCORES

Harvard.....	6	Todd .....	3
Harvard.....	12	Hyde Park Branch	4
Harvard.....	11	Hyde Park Branch	10
Harvard.....	13	Todd .....	14
Harvard.....	42	Opponents .....	31

## The Alumni Game

In the first game of the season Harvard heavyweight basketeers won a well earned victory over the Alumni 25 to 15. The undergrads were trailing at the half 9 to 4, but a number of baskets shortly after the first half opened gave them a lead which was never overcome. Numerous fouls were made by both teams, but only eight free throws out of twenty-three attempts were made by the two teams. Levy starred for the Alumni, while Kirchheimer took first honors for the High School men.

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## The St. Patrick Games

In a fast, hard-fought game Harvard Heavies lost 11 to 10 to St. Patrick. After Kempner's long shot had put Harvard one point in the lead, with less than fifteen seconds left to play, Pascale made a basket for St. Patrick. This won the game, for there was not even time left to center the ball.

In the Light's first game of the season St. Patrick scored almost at will and romped home with a 33 to 5 win.

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## The Luther Games

After Harvard Lights had lost a hard-fought game to Luther 16 to 14, the Heavies took revenge and ran up a score of 35 to 10 against their opponents. Harvard sank baskets almost at will, Magner starring with nine baskets and a free throw, while Kempner and Kirchheimer made five and three ringers respectively.

In the lightweight struggle Harvard was unable to make use of its opportunities, missing numerous chances at the basket, and ten out of ten free throws. Willis starred for Harvard and Schroeder for Luther.

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## The Hyde Park A. C. Game

The Harvard Lights, scoring almost at will, beat Hyde Park A. C. at Harvard in a one-sided game 35 to 17. Harvard led 21 to 8 at the half. Kempner and Hirsch took stellar honors for Harvard, with six and five baskets respectively, while Musick starred for the losers.

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## The North Shore Game

Harvard Heavies were defeated in a fast game by North Shore Country Day School 16 to 12 in the latter's gym. The visitors were handicapped by the height of the gym and the fact that there were no outside lines marked off. Farland's guarding was one of the big features of the game.

## The Todd Game

Harvard Lights played Todd Seminary at Woodstock and came out on the long end of an 18 to 16 score. Our team outplayed the Todd boys in the first half, leading, when it ended, by 9 to 4. In the second half the Woodstock team, showing its traditional fight, all but evened up the count. Kempner starred for Harvard and Wilson for Todd.

## First Francis Parker Games

With two men ineligible Harvard Heavies invaded Francis Parker and won a thrilling game 13 to 12. At the end of the first quarter the score stood, Francis Parker 6, Harvard 0; at the half 6 all, and after the fourth quarter was two minutes old, Parker 12, Harvard 7. Then Kirchheimer shot two baskets in a row and Kempner sank a long shot, giving Harvard a lead of one point, which she retained to the end. Kirchheimer, Heinshimer and Kempner starred for Harvard, while W. Holzman and Stevens shone for Parker.

The Lights went into the game determined that Harvard would cop two. Marks of Parker drew first blood with a basket. Captain Heinshimer, suffering from an injured back, had to be replaced by Kempner. Parker made the game interesting with several long baskets. The half ended in a tie, 8 to 8. The second half showed the bulk of Harvard's scoring. The tussle ended 21 to 14, with Harvard on the long end. Kempner's five baskets and good floor work featured.

## The Latin Games

Harvard took two games from Chicago Latin at Harvard, the Heavyweight score being 17 to 8, and the Lightweight 8 to 7. Both games were rough, in the latter game seven personal fouls were made on each side, and in the former eight were made by us and twelve by them. The Lightweight contest was close from start to finish, neither side having more than a two-point advantage at any time. The Heavies had a close fight until the last quarter, when three baskets by Kirchheimer gave Harvard a lead which the Latin boys could not overcome. Harvard starred for Harvard and Dolan for the opponents.

## First Todd Heavyweight Game

The Heavies took a fast game from Todd in Todd's gym, 16 to 12. The game was fought hard from the jump at the start to the final whistle. With two minutes to play in the first quarter, Todd was leading 7 to 0, but before the end of the quarter the score was 8 to 7 Harvard, the team making a wonderful comeback which dazzled the opponents. Harvard led 12 to 10 at the half and throughout the rest of the game. Todd was never within three points of tying the score. Farland, besides playing a pretty guarding game, shot two baskets. Andrae, shooting three baskets, was the star for Todd.

## First Todd Bantamweight Game

The Bantams, for their first game, went to Todd with the Heavies. The game was played cleanly throughout. Todd started the scoring with a free throw. They made two before our Bantams started, then a basket by Bender evened the score. With the aid of another free throw, Todd led the scoring 3 to 2 at the half. In the second half, Harvard showed lots of fight and another basket by Bender and a basket by Cohn put Harvard in the lead 6 to 3. The feature of the game was the close guarding. Todd was not able to shoot a basket and garnered their points off free throws. Cohn played a fighting game at guard, while Bender, with two baskets, led the scoring. Captain Ederheimer received a bad knock on the head and was not able to play very long. Nye was the star for Todd, making two out of their three points and playing a pretty game besides.

## The Second Luther Games

Harvard split a double header with Luther on the latter's floor in a return series, the visiting Heavies winning 26 to 13, while the Luther Lights won 23 to 14. In both games the winning teams took the lead from the start and were never in great danger. Spiegel played excellent ball in both games, making five baskets in the lightweight fray and four in the other game. Kirchheimer, starring in the heavyweight tilt, made five ringers.

## Second Francis Parker Games

Harvard decisively defeated its old rival, Francis Parker, in two games at home, the Heavies winning 21 to 13, the Lights 10 to 3. The heavyweight was close during the first half, but in the last half Harvard cinched the game by piling up a good lead. Kirchheimer starred.

The Lightweights were never in any great danger. Mark's basket in the last two minutes was the only ringer Parker made. Hirsch was the individual star.

## The Bowen Games

For the first time in the history of the school, a Harvard team beat Bowen, 25 to 9. The game was a rough and tumble affair, with some brilliant basketball at times. Kirchheimer took stellar honors for Harvard, while Odman was the mainstay of Bowen. In the last half, Kirchheimer broke away, and sank five baskets. It was the Heavies' best game to date.

The Lightweights were not so fortunate, Bowen romping away with a 26 to 17 victory. The game was a fast affair, Bowen having the edge throughout. Kempner and Spiegel led the Harvard bunch in scoring, with three baskets each, while Proctor of Bowen was the outstanding star of the game, with seven baskets.

## The Second Todd Games

Harvard split a double header with Todd at Harvard when the home Heavies won, 23 to 17, while Harvard's Bantams suffered a defeat of 14 to 13. The home Heavies were leading 14 to 6 at the half, and at the end of the third quarter, they had a safe lead of 23 to 8. In the last few minutes of the fourth quarter, Todd made four baskets and a free throw. Spiegel starred for Harvard, with Wilson and Andrae in stellar roles for Todd.

The bantam-weight game was a struggle from start to finish. Todd got away to a four point lead, and was leading at the half, 8 to 7. With three minutes to play, and Todd one point in the lead, Cohn sank a basket. This was followed shortly by a basket by Nye, giving Todd the slim lead which they held to the end. Cohn, Moses and Chon starred for Harvard, while Hawtin and Nye starred for Todd.

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## The Second North Shore Game

Harvard's Héavies went down to a 15 to 13 defeat when North Shore's team invaded our school. The victorious opponents took an early lead, but the score at the half was 9 to 9. At the beginning of the last quarter Harvard was leading 13 to 9, only to have this lead wiped out in the last few minutes of play. Harvard made six baskets and one free throw and North Shore four ringers and seven free throws. The absence of Kempner greatly handicapped the Harvardites.

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## The Morgan Park Games

In two of the fastest and closest games played by Harvard this year, Harvard split a double bill with Morgan Park Military Academy at Harvard. The home Heavies lost by a score of 24 to 22, while the home Lights surprised everyone when they won, 18 to 16. The Heavies played the best basketball they had played thus far in the season. With but three minutes to play, Harvard trailed by eight points, and fell just short of tying the score in the last minute of play. The score at the half time was Harvard, 4; Morgan Park, 8. Meyer and Kirchheimer took stellar medals.

With only two minutes to play, Kempner's long basket was the deciding factor in the lightweight encounter. This game was a tussle from start to finish. The score at the first half stood Harvard, 8; Morgan Park, 12. Kempner and Spiegel were the outstanding stars of the game.

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## The Second Bowen Games

Harvard's invasion of Bowen was unsuccessful, and resulted in our worst beating of the season, the Heavies losing 20 to 11, and the Lights 16 to 1. The former game was ragged, Bowen taking the lead at the start; the half ended 12 to 3. Harvard came back in the third quarter, leaving Bowen but the thin lead of 14 to 11. In the last part of the fourth quarter the opponents made three baskets, cinching the battle. Harvard Lights were held to a single point by the Bowen boys, few chances to score being given, so close was the guarding.

## The First U. High Games

Harvard split two hard-fought games with U. High, at U. High, the home Heavies winning in the last minute of play, 19 to 18, while our visiting Lights went home victorious, 15 to 13. The heavyweight game was a see-saw affair, neither team holding the lead for any length of time. The half ended with the count knotted at six apiece. Lott was so well covered by Farland that he had no chance to score. He made but one basket during the entire game. Captain Kirchheimer starred for Harvard.

The lightweight contest was a struggle from the start to the finish. Harvard made seven baskets to U. High's four, but U. High made many more free throws than Harvard. Hirsch starred for Harvard; Marshall for our opponents.

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## The Second Todd Game

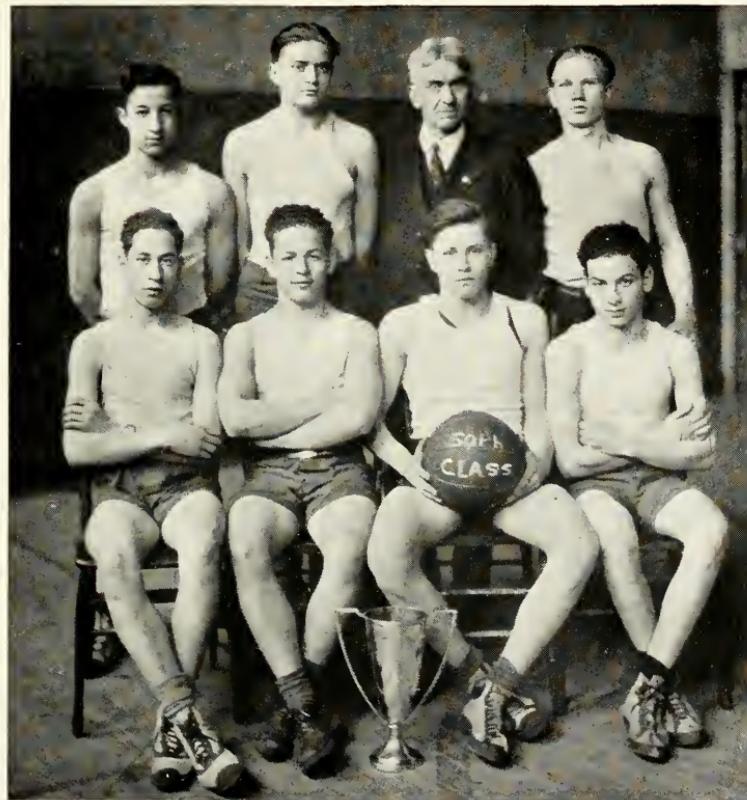
Harvard Lights, in a return game with Todd at Harvard, won, 17 to 10. The score at half time was Todd, 5; Harvard, 4. The Woodstock boys had many more shots than the Harvardites, but were unable to locate the basket. Harvard made almost every shot count. Hirsch and Kempner starred for Harvard; Andrae and Wilson for Todd.

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## The Second U. High Games

Harvard closed one of the most successful basketball seasons it has thus far had with a double victory over U. High, in the Harvard gym. The Heavies took revenge for their one-point defeat at U. High in the first game by taking the contest, 15 to 11. The Lights decisively defeated U. High's quintet, 20 to 12. The Heavies' battle was a thrilling affair. Harvard led at the half, 5 to 3. Farland held the much-praised Lott to one basket. Kempner and Captain Kirchheimer starred, the former playing a stellar game at guard as well as sinking three baskets and a free throw; the latter with two baskets and a free throw.

Free throws alone kept U. High Lights in the running, as they did not score a basket until the last quarter. Salzman, Heinsheimer and Hirsch played excellent basketball for Harvard. Marshall took stellar honors for U. High. In both lightweight games with U. High neither of U. High's forwards nor the center scored a basket. One of the biggest crowds ever at a game at Harvard witnessed these battles.



CHAMPION INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

Left to right, standing: Berger, Hanson, Farland  
Seated: Freisleben, Mandel, Spiegel, Capt. Schnadig.

## The Class Cup Series

When the Sophomores won the class series, it was the second time a dark horse had won the race. The series was filled with thrills and close games. The only team that stood no chance at any time was the Freshman.

The first game the Seniors were beaten by the Juniors, 17 to 16, after the Seniors in the final seconds of play had missed two free throws which might have won the game.

The second game was a tame affair between the Sophs and Freshies, the Sophs cleaning up by a 30 to 5 score.

The Sophomores next put the Seniors out of running when they defeated them, 17 to 14, in a thriller.

The Juniors and Seniors each beat the Freshmen, the former 15 to 5 and the latter 19 to 12.

The deciding game between the Juniors and Sophomores was one of the best class games played in the Harvard gym in the last few years. Schnadig's basket in the last minute gave the Sophomores the game, 14 to 13. The Sophomores played splendid ball and well deserved to win the series.

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## Inter-Class Track Meet

The Sophomore class won the first inter-class track meet held at Harvard in recent years. The meet was quite a success and promises to be an annual affair. A new set of class records was set up. Roy Farland of the Sophomores was the individual star, with 34 points. Howard of the Seniors, and Mandel of the Sophomores, were second, with 11 points each.

Standing:

Sophomores .....	55	2/3
Seniors .....	30	5/6
Freshmen .....	15	1/2
Juniors .....	6	

## Red Letter Day for Harvard

On the seventeenth day of March, J. W. Gimbel, of the mighty class of '26, endeavored to make a series of deep impressions on J. Hart, of the class of '27. In the first round of the fistic duel they were even, but in the second round, as Gimbel slowly lost his ambition, Hart forged ahead. At the beginning of the third round the representative of the Sophomore class made a mighty swing, but missed. . . . This was fatal, as J. Hart, with a majestic hook, socked Gimbel as he came around for the second time. Thus ended the historic combat. The next day the color scheme of Gimbel's "lamp" was inspiring, and J. Hart was acclaimed by all to be the greatest exterior decorator of his time.

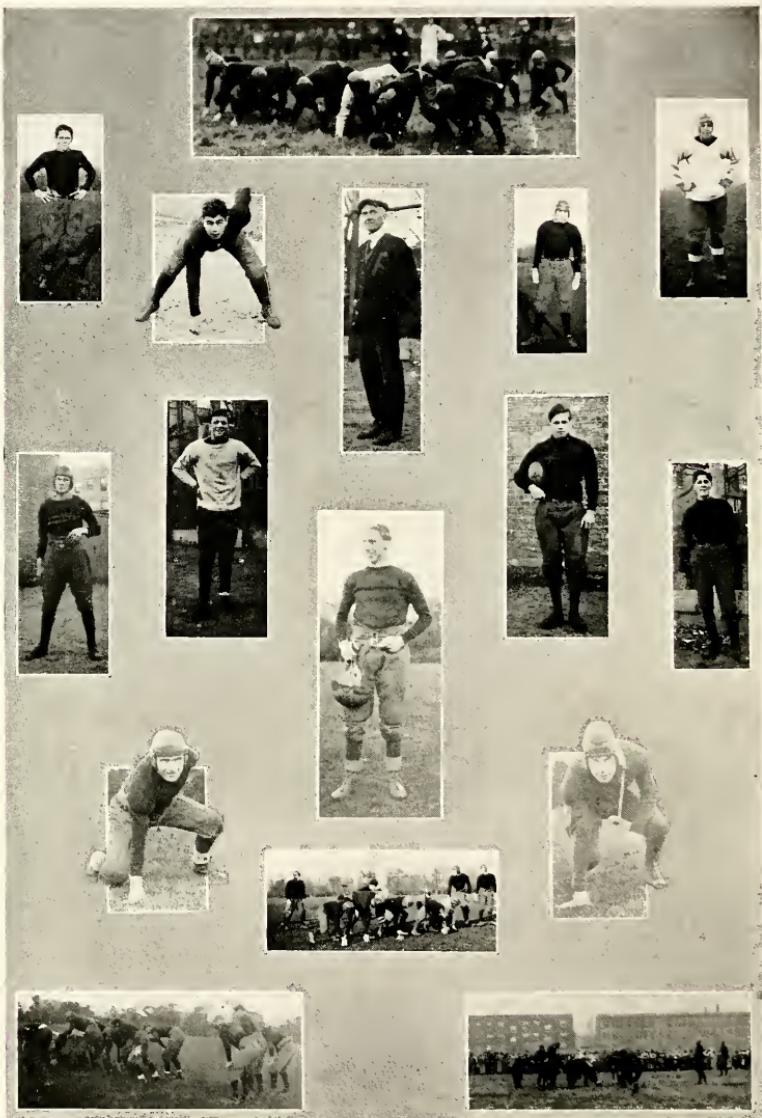
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## Speaking of Spring Sports

As the "Review" goes to press the prospects are bright for some good baseball and indoor games. There is plenty of good material, so we should have several good school teams.

Plans for a class series in tennis are in progress, as many of the fellows this year are very proficient in this sport. The series promises to be bigger, brighter and better than ever before. A school team will be chosen from the best in the tournament and many outside games are planned.

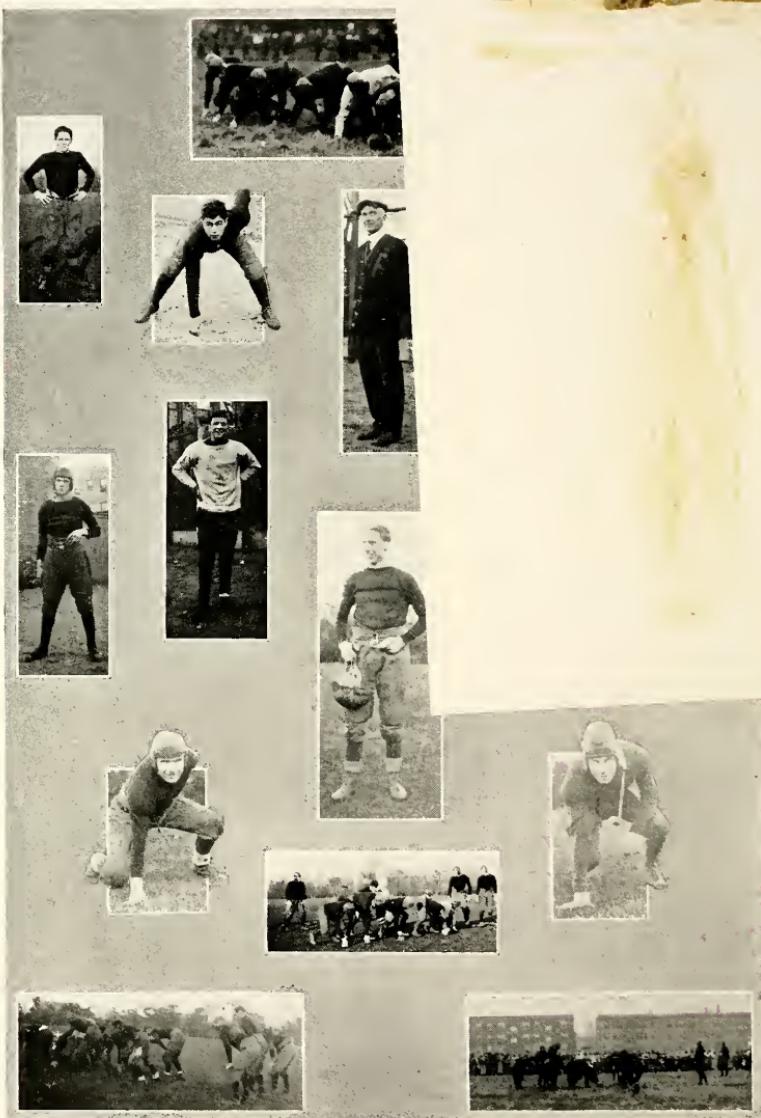
# THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW





## Poet's Corner

# THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW





Poet's Corner



### Come On Over

*Oh, come on over, Jest,  
Together let us try  
To drive away all Cares  
And Sighs—just you and I.*

*We'll have a jolly time  
In merry revel high,  
And gay delight, 'midst song  
And dance—just you and I.*

*The nights we'll spend in feasts;  
All Sadness we'll defy.  
We'll banish Tears and Gloom  
And Sorrow—you and I.*

*The days we'll pass at play;  
Our time will quickly fly.  
We'll summon Smiles and call  
On Laughter—you and I.*

*Oh, will you come, my friend?  
If not, I'll heave a sigh  
And think of what we might  
Have done—just you and I.*

—R. J. B., '24.

## Cornfield On a Rainy October Morning

*A curtain of rain was falling  
On that bleak October morn,  
A sound my senses entralling—  
The patter of rain on the corn.*

*Not a soul in the field was stirring,  
Not a sound save those of the morn—  
The Heavens alone not forgetting  
That lonely field of corn.*

*A desolate scene to encounter,  
Deserted, and truly forlorn;  
Like symbols of souls departed  
Stood those sentinel-shocks of corn.*

*Every vestige of joy or gladness  
From this picture had been torn;  
There was naught but grief and sadness  
In that beaten field of corn!*

—Justin Cohn, '27.

## To Diana—"The Chase"

### *Scene One—Introduction*

*She crept upon her victim with a deadly glare,  
Making not a sound to break the stillness of the air.  
With flaming eye and noiseless step, she grimly held her breath,  
Hovering near her hated foe—intent on sudden death.*

### *Scene Two—Main Body*

*She seemed a tigress, stalking prey underneath a jungle tree;  
Yet no tigress in any land was half so fierce as she.  
She raised the bloodstained weapon in her white and clenched hand,  
And struck with all the power she had at her command.*

### *Scene Three—Conclusion*

*The lamp fell off the table and crashed upon the chair,  
Yet little did she notice it, or little did she care.  
She raised her gory weapon with a wild and lusty cry,  
As she gazed upon the remnants of ANOTHER SWATTED FLY.*

—J. P. H., '24.

## The World's Greatest Lover

*There once was a dashing young sheik,  
Who havoc with women did wreak,  
His writings were "rippin'"  
Till he fell for a "pippin,"  
And kissed her right smack on the beak!*

*He kept this up all of his life,  
Regardless of family or wife,  
This form of home-wrecking  
Which is now known as "necking"  
Was the cause of much domestic strife.*

*As he lay upon his death-bed,  
To those gathered about him he said:  
"When this life I leave  
All fair women will grieve,  
For the world's greatest lover is dead!"*

—H. S. K., '24.

## The Movie Hero

*The movie hero is a guy  
Who makes the fair ones pine and sigh.  
He doesn't mind the hearts he breaks;  
The more he breaks, the more he makes,  
One can scarce blame him for that—  
'Cause it makes his bankroll fat.  
He often wears a pair of boots  
And sports a gun when the villain shoots.  
He wins the girl, of course, you know,  
Because he is her only beau.  
The picture ends quite happily.  
With wife and children on his knee.  
Alas, poor fellow, in real life  
He probably has a "hard-boiled" wife.*

—Brooks Emory, '27.

## Melancholy

*Oh, wretched Thing of mock-majestic mein;  
Oh, hateful sight in dismal robes arrayed;  
Thy somber self was never gladly seen  
By man, whose joyful bliss you e'er betrayed.  
Thy soft, yet baneful eye deceives me not;  
I peer behind thy mask of bilious faith  
And see Self-Pity graved on ev'ry spot  
Of thy vain countenance—a ghastly wraith.  
Oh, would that the Eternal Power Great  
Might strike thee from this sphere of striving men  
And bring instead that sprite—oh, wond'rous fate!  
A Sense of Humor. 'Tis beyond thy ken.*

—R. J. B., '24.

## The Owl

*Said the father to his eldest son:  
"Say, what's come over you?"  
The wise bird winked and then replied:  
"To whet—to whet—to woo."*

*"You're all dressed up," said old man Owl,  
"What are you going to do?"  
The wise bird only winked and said:  
"To whet—to whet—to woo."*

*He started on his pilgrimage,  
But back into the house he fled;  
The rain outside was pouring down,  
"To wet—too wet," he said.*

—E. M. H., '24.

## The Walrus and the Carpenter—I.

*The Walrus and the Carpenter*  
*A school approached one day,*  
*Where they found a book of verse*  
*That to them seemed to say:*  
*“Come, open me, for I am full*  
*Of interesting lore—*  
*Of how they brought the News from Ghent,*  
*Evelyn Hope, and One Word More.”*  
*“Let’s open it!” the Walrus cried,*  
*“And see what is within—*  
*There can not be so many poems,*  
*The book is very thin.”*  
*“Let’s not,” the Carpenter replied,*  
*And heaved a heavy sigh—*  
*“I’ve heard so many people say*  
*These poems are very dry!*  
*That Browning writes of things unknown,*  
*Of new life after Death.*  
*I think that all this really is*  
*A fearful waste of breath.*  
*He says that all the things we wish*  
*Will come to us in time—*  
*Be it a billion dollars*  
*Or one little silver dime.*  
*I don’t know if he’s right or wrong,*  
*To his thoughts I have no key;*  
*But I am sure that his ideas*  
*Are too deep for you and me!”*

—H. S. K., '24.

## The Walrus and the Carpenter—II.

*The Walrus and the Carpenter were walking hand in hand.  
 And first they walked upon the street and then upon the sand.  
 "I think that it," the Walrus said, "is really quite a shame,  
 That people for these scandals on Coolidge lay the blame.  
 It's not his fault that near and far, abroad as well as home,  
 Things are happening every day—such as 'Teapot Dome.'  
 How can he help that Harding and Edward B. MacLean  
 Saw the great fight pictures cast upon the screen?  
 These knockers and reformers give me an awful pain;  
 Still, to my practised eye it seems that he wan't rule again."  
 "You're right," the Carpenter replied, and heaved a dreadful sigh,  
 "If only everybody felt the same as you and I!  
 These scandals, I am sore afraid, will kill his party dead;  
 Which is the same as killing him, when all is dane and said.  
 It seems to me that you and I had better watch our step.  
 In times like these it isn't hard to soil a spotless 'rep.'  
 So just be careful, Walrus, and watch out what you do—  
 If they should ask of our careers, 'twould be tough an me and you!"*

—H. S. K., '24.

### Time Will Tell

*There is an endless avalanche,  
Of which the clock doth tell by chime;  
Whose fierceness sweeps up minutes;  
It is known to us as Time.*

*And as this menace marches on,  
Not a moment can we stay,  
For as the toll increases  
The minutes turn to day.*

*With reckless speed this terror, Time,  
Has rollicked through the ages;  
"To eternity Time will go on . . ."  
So said the ancient sages.*

*From dawn of day this heartless foe  
O'er all has held command;  
But man at last has called a halt—  
He found a monkey gland.*

—Robert J. Wolff, '22.

## The College Sheik

*Under the spreading Poplar tree  
 The village devil stands;  
 This boy, a handsome sheik is he,  
 With long and slender hands;  
 And the muscles of his bony arms  
 Are strong as rubber bands.  
 Week in, week out, at every turn,  
 You hear his loud mouth blow;  
 He came to college not to learn,  
 But his sweet self to show  
 To co-eds passing down the block,  
 Their cheeks and eyes aglow.*

*He goes on Friday to his class,  
 And sits beside his choice;  
 With ears closed to the prof's loud bray  
 He hears his sweetie's voice  
 Musically whispering nothings,  
 Which make his heart rejoice.  
 Loafing, flunking, borrowing,  
 Backwards through school he goes;  
 Each morning lying late abed  
 To finish out his doze;  
 Nothing attempted—hence nothing done  
 When the term comes to a close.*

—J. P. H., '24.

## The Effect of a Storm On My Thoughts

*The strident tone of waves that lash the shore;  
The roar of blust'ring wind in trees on high;  
The thunder peals and crashes from the sky—  
And lightning's flash obscures the sight of morn.  
My thoughts turn first to gloomy, ancient lore  
That tells of hardship—suff'ring's dismal sigh—  
To places whither Death and Hunger fly.  
My mind's on Sadness, black and bleak and sore.  
Yet when the lake is calm: so clear and blue,  
And 'mid the gently rustling branches sing  
The birds, and children's shouts are heard at play,  
My heart is filled with joy and mirth so true  
That they o'ercome the Sadness, as the Spring  
Sun melts the winter's snow in but a day.*

—R. J. B., '24.

## Oh, What a Difference!

*The same old moon is shining still  
Above the same old wooded hill,  
The water bubbles in the rill  
Just as it did last June.*

*The same old stretch of pebbly sand  
Where once they wandered, hand in hand;  
The wavelets wash the same old strand  
And sing the same old tune.*

*The same old sky with stars alight,  
The same old voices of the night,  
The same old garden gate of white  
Where once they tarried.*

*And far along the lonely shore  
A trysting spot they knew of yore . . .  
It does not lure them any more,  
FOR THEY ARE MARRIED.*

—J. P. H., '24.

## A Lily Pond On a Sultry July Day

*With consent of Mr. Mitchell—though him I haven't seen,  
I'll try to write a poem on this very tedious theme.  
While sitting on a tower, I chanced by luck to see  
The subject of this would-be rhyme which greatly troubles me.*

*'Twas a picturesque creation, irregular in form,  
On which my eyes alighted that sultry July morn;  
Lilies fragrant, pure and white, on placid waters lay,  
Bordered by a flowering shrub, and stately trees of bay.*

*Reflected on the mirror's glass, a fleecy cloud soiled by;  
A long-billed flicker made his way, against the the bright blue sky;  
A crystal drop of water, on a disk-shaped lily pad  
Sent forth its myriad color whence fairies costumes had.*

*Oh lily pond so placid on a sultry July day!  
Why cannot we, like you, be pure and bright and gay?  
Reflecting only goodly things from Heaven high above,  
A happy, peaceful picture of God's eternal love!*

—Don Craig, '27.

### A Lily Pond On a Bleak November Day

*With lilies gone, so white and pure,  
The pond changed to the sportsman's lure;  
Its placid surface more quietly lies  
Frozen, snow-covered, 'neath dark, dull skies.*

*Sweet, fragrant odors no longer prevail,  
All summer vanished with the fierce northern gale;  
Trees, leafless and bare, sedately stand,  
The wind whistling fiercely o'er the hard, barren land.*

*All is forlorn, bleak and gray,  
So unlike the past summer day  
When all was happy, and radiant with cheer—  
Now all is dismal, bleak and drear.*

*So in our lives comes a day like this season,  
When all seems cold, dull, beyond reason;  
But remember the Spring is coming our way,  
Making all bright again, radiant our day.*

—*Don Craig, '27.*

## Mistakes I Have Made

*I'll not waste space  
 On common "breaks"  
 Which may be classed  
 As "dumb" mistakes;  
 Nor yet delay  
 O'er prologue, dight  
 With flowery phrase—  
 'Twould take all night.*

*A girl phoned me,  
 (No fable, this),  
 I thought 'twas "AL,"  
 A clever miss.  
 Some repartee!  
 No more I'll tell,  
 For it was "Kay"—  
 And I got "'ell."*

*One summer night  
 I went to town;  
 Drove from the farm  
 To look aroun';  
 I parked the bus  
 Among some more  
 And drifted there  
 From doar to door.*

*At last I came  
 Where stood the Ford,  
 And, as 'twas late,  
 I climbed aboard.  
 When I stepped in,  
 O! What a fuss!  
 'Twas my mistake—  
 But not my bus.*

—C. W. K., '24.

### The Raft of Ulysses

*Oh, the raft of Ulysses was a rotten old boat,  
He made it of wood so the fool thing could float.  
A great sailor, Ulysses, he never was sick,  
Though the waves mounted high and the storm waxed thick.  
His good sail was made of his own B. V. D.'s,  
There were no ladies present—he didn't need these;  
One day on an island he landed quite safe,  
And the ladies all loved him, though he looked like a waif.  
At last with rich clothes his broad loins about,  
He looked like a sailor—ah yes, I've no doubt.*

—Brooks Emory, '27.

### Could I But Forget

*I met my love in a country town  
When the bloom was on the rye;  
She looked me up, she looked me down,  
She winked a friendly eye.  
We strolled far out in a village lane,  
The skies were clear and blue;  
I gave her a heart that beat with jay,  
(I gave her my real name, too);  
And she, a simple country girl,  
In return, she gave to me  
Something that I can ne'er forget—  
Oh bitter memory!  
We babbled, we cooed, we danced, we drove,  
Until it grew quite late;  
She took my kisses, my watch, my cash,  
And in return gave me  
THE GATE.*

—J. P. H., '24.



Jenny



## Calendar

## SEPTEMBER

19—At last, after days of anticipation on our part, school has opened. We find several changes in the faculty and student body. The prosperity of Lewis' Drug Store is reassured. The outlook for the football team is bright. Yes, Rip is still teasing Kirch.

20—The first joke of the year appears in the form of a theme entitled "Senior Privileges."

21—Tomorrow is Saturday. We all need a good rest after this hard week's work.

25—Doug shows evidence of the attractions of White Lake, Mich. The pictures are fine—they must be SOME girls.

28—At last Saturday is near, and it is pleasing to think how much time we will have in which to do our homework.

## OCTOBER

5—To the regret of all, but with our best wishes, Doc leaves Harvard.

11—Labarthe, a new arrival from U. High, goes to sleep in class. He blames it on Mr. Mitchell's soothing voice.

12—Francis Parker beats us, 13 to 0, in our first game of the season.

16—Before a large crowd, we suffer defeat by a score of 9 to 0, at the hands of U. High.

19—Chicago Latin comes to Washington Park, and in about four inches of mud and

water, we play them to a 6 to 6 tie. With the exception of Lane, the city champions, we were the only school to come so close to beating them.

22—Mr. Pence discovers the initials of one of the noble (?) Seniors on a desk in C2. Yes, John, you will have to sandpaper them off and re-varnish the desk—maybe.

23—The "H" Club is organized. Mr. Pence almost proves that the water in New England is drained into the Mississippi Basin.

25—Mrs. Brennan threatens to sue the school for damaging \$1,000 worth of shrubbery—or perhaps she meant \$10.00 worth.

27—The team went up to Winnetka today and held the much heavier North Shore team to a scoreless tie.

29—Oh, boy! how we love those six weeks' exams!

30—All hail, the snow! Mr. Pence, taken unawares, fails to issue the snow pledges. He will not let it happen again.

## NOVEMBER

1—A mysterious club, the "Fish," is formed. The "Katz," rivals of the "Fish," organize, and plan literally to eat up the poor "Fish."

2—The "Fish" and "Katz" disband, no reason being given. We beat Lindblom's second team by a score of 7 to 0.

# THE TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW

6—Magner makes a touchdown—in practice. The team is drilling hard for the Maine Township game.

9—We beat the strong team of Maine Township, 9 to 0. This makes up for our defeat in basketball by them last year.

11—Armistice Day. We celebrate with chalk fights.

15—U. High again proves victor, this time by a score of 7 to 0, at their field. The last quarter of the game disclosed many stars—the moon also was very beautiful.

16—Football season closes.

19—A committee of three Seniors visits Doc to find out how a detention home is run. The unanimous opinion is that they need not have left Harvard.

26—Class basketball practice starts.

28—Will miracles never cease? We have a holiday tomorrow—Thanksgiving.

29—Oh, that turkey is the cranberries!

30—Seniors give Thanksgiving Dance.

## DECEMBER

3—Junior basketeers beat Seniors 17 to 11, in a good game.

4—Latin VI class becomes useful, taking the period to move a piano from the gym into Miss McCune's room.

5—Seniors defeat Sophs. 28 to 19.

10—Regular team practice starts.

14—Football banquet. Spiegel elected to lead 1925 team.

18—Heavies beat Alumni 25 to 15 in first game of the season.

19-20—Examinations.

21—See you all next year.

25—Merry Christmas.

## JANUARY

3—Back again. S. O. S.—same old school.

4—Mr. Pence pinched for speeding, and is bailed out by Mr. Mitchell. My, how the teachers must stick together!

7—Labarthe is given the supreme penalty for disobedience—two weeks of eating in the lunch room.

8—We lose two games to St. Pats: Heavies, 11 to 10; Lights, 22 to 5.

16—Ha-ha, Miss Letsch and Mr. Pence are not caught napping this time. The snowball pledges appeared at 8:25, together with instructions to sign on the dotted line or get out. We sign.

17—Lights beat Hyde Park Branch, 35 to 17. The latest is a study hall for our "bad-naughty" boys, extending from 3:10 to 4:10 p. m., and from one day to two months.

18—Heavies lose to North Shore.

19—Lights beat Woodstock 16 to 14, at Woodstock.

21—Yes, we have no heat today, although the mercury dropped to 20 below, some of the wiser boys went out on the campus to keep warm.

23—We beat Parker twice at Parker, the Heavies 13 to 12, Lights 21 to 14.

29—Latin visits us and receives a double defeat, our Lights winning 8 to 7, and the Heavies copping 17 to 8.

#### FEBRUARY

2—Heavies win from Todd, at Todd, 16 to 12, and our Bantams win, 6 to 3.

5—We split with Luther, their Lights winning 23 to 14, and our Heavies bringing home a 26 to 13 victory.

8—We win two more games from Parker Heavies, and Lights 10 to 3. Help! help! the Juniors are corrupting the Seniors. Magner teaches "Loewenthal" how to roll a seven every time.

13—Harvard Heavies 25, Bowen 21. Bowen Lights —, Harvard —.

15—The honorary "H" Club takes up janitoring. Howland and Loewenthal are wonders with the mop, and we now know that Doug will look fine in a white suit and cap. A chalk fight caused it.

16—Heavies beat Todd 23 to 17, but our Bantams lose 14 to 13.

18—Mr. Mitchell makes Mr. Ford laugh.

19—North Shore Heavies win, 15 to 13.

26—Bowen proves too much for us at Bowen, to the tune of 20 to 11 (Heavy), and 16 to 1 (Light).

28—Seniors wear wing collars and bow ties. A banquet 'n' everything is held in the lunchroom. At noon a few collars and ties are spoiled, the odds being 4 to 1 in favor of the Juniors, Sophs and Freshmen.

29—Harvard Heavies 17, U. High 18, but we take the lighter game, 16 to 13.

#### MARCH

4—Harvard Lights 17, Todd 10.

6—Our two teams defeat U. High, the Heavies winning 15 to 11, and the Lights stealing 20 to 12.

10—The cup race is on! Juniors beat Seniors 17 to 16.

11—Sophs defeat Freshmen, 30 to 5.

12—Sophs knock out Seniors, 17 to 14.

13—Juniors beat Frosh, 15 to 5.

14—Seniors beat Freshmen, 20 to 12, and the Sophs take the cup by tripping up the Juniors 14 to 13.

16—Seniors celebrate St. Pat's Day by wearing various costumes. We all had a delicious lunch in the Harvard "Cafe," and afterwards caused a bit of excitement in the drug store.

17—In back of a sand pile on what used to be a vacant lot, Harvard's pugilists come to light. Hart wins the decision over Gimbel in a regular fight lasting 4 minutes and 53 seconds.

19—Sophs defeat Juniors in a big debate, it being decided that children under twelve years be allowed to go to the movies.

21—Basketball banquet. Meyer is to lead the Heavies next year and Hirsch to pilot the Lights. Good luck!

26—Sophs win track meet. Howland announces his views on woman suffrage and gets several votes for governor. Len Small is worried.

#### APRIL

1—The usual bag of tricks is opened. The Senior History class merrily fools Mr. Pence. "Boys, will you stop chewing gum?"

2—Soph debaters defeated by Freshmen.

3—Exams start. Honor System installed.

4—Exams end and vacation begins.

14—Well, here we are, all back again, after some exceptional weather for vacation.

15—The "H" Club picture is taken by Edmund's "artiste." Eddie Loewenthal becomes an outlaw, and is banished to C-2.

16—Good news! No school tomorrow. We all think we are having too much vacation.

17—Good Friday. The "Review" is due to go to the press tomorrow.

#### MAY

30—No school today, Decoration Day.

#### JUNE

1—Boo-hoo! There are only thirteen days of school left.

7—The "Twenty-Four Review" is dedicated to Doc at the Staff dinner.

13—We Seniors graduate. Good bye, Harvard. Class Stag Dinner.

14—Senior Class Commencement Dance.

*HERE ENDS YE OLDE CALENDAR,  
AS KEPT BY J. P. H., '24.*

## R. U. TICKLISH?

Mr. Pence, having asked Leo about several local politicians and received unsatisfactory replies: "Leo, do you know who Dever is?"

Leo, very slightly peeved: "What are you trying to do, be funny or something?"

Mr. Mitchell, to Senior class: "From now on you will get no more privileges."

Howland: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Mr. M.: "Who said that?"

Johnnie: "Patrick Henry."

Mr. Alwood, in Science class: "What usually follows a snow storm?"

Stein: "A snow plow."

Kempner, in Junior class meeting: "At our meetings we don't want to get up and make fools out of ourselves."

Kirchheimer, from other side of the room: "No danger; Nature beat you to it."

Miss Moore: "Robert, if you don't behave, I'll hand your name in to Mr. Pence."

Monsieur Bobby: "Oh, never mind; he knew that long before you did."

Kirch, to Rip: "Where are your manners? Were you born in a barn?"

The Unoffensive One: "Yes, and every time I hear a jackass bray it makes me homesick."

Howard, in Geometry class: "Is this anywhere near right?"

Mr. Wilson: "No, there is something wrong in your upper plane."

Loewenthal, to Doc: "Do you know a good cure for snoring?"

Doc: "Do you snore when you sleep?"

L.: "Yes, and I snore so loud that I wake up myself."

Doc: "Then I'd advise you to sleep in another room."

Mr. Pence, in speaking on the subject of "freedom": "So far I have never been arrested, and therefore have enjoyed freedom, because—"

Student impolitely interrupting: "There were no cops around."

One day as I chanced to pass

A beaver was damming a river;

And a man who had run out of gas  
Was doing the same to his flivver.

He kissed her when they parted,

As the sun sank in the west;

Her father got him started,  
And the bulldog did the rest.

First Gold Dust Twin: "Well, did we clean up on them?"

Second Twin: "No, Lux against us."

Sign in a window of a 47th Street music store: "Kiss the Girl You Love" and thirty other good ones.

Patient, who has had three fingers of each hand broken: "Doctor, will I be able to play the piano when I get well?"

M. D.: "Why certainly you will."

Injured One: "Gee, you're a wonder, Doc, I never could before."

Salesman: "That bracelet, madame, is unique. It was given to the Empress Josephine by Napoleon Bonaparte. We are selling a great number of them this year."

Boy: "What is an ancestor, Dad?"

Father: "Well, I'm one of yours and your grandfather was one of mine."

Lad: "Well, why do people brag about them?"

The present House of Representatives should be among the most successful in history because it has such a keen Speaker (Gillet).

Lady, excited: "Oh kind sir, catch that man; he tried to kiss me."

Gentleman: "That's all right. There will be another one along in a minute."

"Generally speaking, women are—"

"Yes they are."

"What are they?"

"Generally speaking."

He: "Where did you do most of your skating while learning?"

She: "I think you're horrid."

Floorwalker: "Looking for something, madam?"

Fat Lady: "Husband."

Floorwalker: "First aisle to your left, male order department."

She: "The nerve of that conductor. He glared at me as though I hadn't paid my fare."

He: "What did you do?"

She: "I glared back as though I had."

Eddie Cantor says "A weiner is hash with a kimono on."

Teacher: "A board usually settles disputes between capital and labor."

Student: "Yes, and a board usually settles disputes between my father and me."

First Cannibal: "Am I late for lunch?"

Second One: "Yes, everybody's eaten."

Heinsheimer: "Mr. Mitchell, may I speak with Heymann a minute?"

Mr. M.: "If Milton's frankness shocks you, you had better stay away from Eddie."

Chon, on Diamond Lake in a canoe: "Don't you think we had better hug the shore?"

Bored Young Thing: "Why the shore?" Wow!

Kulp: "Are you going to work this summer?"

Kempner: "No, I'm going to summer school."

Mr. Alwood, in Chemistry: "What does 'A' stand for?"

Kliney: "Just a minute. I have it on the end of my tongue."

Mr. A.: "Well, spit it out, it's arsenic."

Turner: "Are Kulp's flunks due to a lack of brain?"

Magner: "Yes, alack and alass."

Coach: "Have you taken a shower, Ralph?"

Kempner: "No, is there one missing?"

Salzman: "What did you do after the dance, Adolph?"

"A": "Oh, nothing to speak of."

Salzman: "O-h-h-h-h!"

Mrs. Engert: "Where do all the bugs go in the winter?"

Cressy: "Search me!"

Heins: "Helen insists that I obtain her a bouquet for the dance tonight. Is it being done?"

Eddie H.: "No, you are."

Mrs. Engert, to Mr. Pence: "Paul swears awfully!"

Mr. Pence, absent mindedly: "Yes, I could do better myself."

Franks, calling up Billy Chon: "Hello—Drexel 2724, please."

Operator: "Drexel 2724?"

Jack: "Yes, please."

(Telephone ringing—"Brrrrrrr—Brrrrrrr—")

Chon: "Hello."

Jack: "Hello, Billy, what are you doing?"

Bill: "Washing my B. V. D.'s."

Operator, interrupting: "I'm ringing them, sir."

Mr. Vaubel (in physics): "Have you ever seen a hydraulic ram, Heymann?"  
Eddie: "No, I have never been to the zoo."

Mr. Mitchell: "Have you ever read 'To a Field Mouse'?"

Rip: "No, how do you get them to listen?"

Heinsheimer (in History): "I-I-I th-th-th-ought th-th-th-th-at th-th-th—"

Mr. Pence: "No, Robert, that is wrong."

Kirchheimer (looking at report book): "Ah, I see that the German marks have taken another drop this week."

Mr. Vaubel: "What are you going to be when you get out of college, Magner?"

Daredevil Dick: "An old man."

Tourtelot: "The Lord must have made the Wabash."

Mr. M.: "Why do you say that?"

Tout: "Well, the Bible says that He made all creeping things."

Mr. Pence having asked if all small coins were legal tender: "John, you'd be surprised if you tried to give me twenty dollars in dimes and I refused to take it."

Howland: "I'll say I would!"

Heins: "It says that there are four 'consuls at large' in the U. S., what does that mean?"

Kirch: "It means that the rest must be in jail."

Mr. Mitchell: "That was a rare theme you handed me yesterday."

Eddie Heymann: "What was the matter with it?"

Mr. M.: "Not well done."

Mr. Wilson: "Will you please run up the window shade for me?"

Moses: "What do you think I am, a monkey?"

Mr. Alwood: "Are you chewing gum, Lawrence?"

Schnadig: "What do you think it is, tobacco?"

Mr. Mitchell: "You can't say that, John, you have no poetic license."

J. P. H.: "That's all right, Mr. Mitchell, I've put in an application for one."

This coupon and \$500.00 will entitle the bearer to one year's free instruction at the Harvard School.

One fine autumn day the Seniors took it into their noble heads to become stylish and sprout wings, or at least sprout wings on their collars. Thus it was that the next day the entire Senior class came to school with the wings of their collars flapping in the breeze. Many an unsophisticated Senior felt the blood rush to his cheeks at the immodest display of Adam's apples. It must be noted with sorrow that many of the class were as near to being angels as they ever will be and that some of the boys, in spite of the good influence that the wings should have exerted, behaved like little devils and in the lunch room raised—well you know what they raised.

---

### Mu Delta Sigma

At the end of this year the Mu Delta Sigma will have completed three successful years of existence. The club was originally formed for the purpose of developing its members as debaters and public speakers. It branched out, however, and the field of activities now includes athletics, industrial tours and other accomplishments beneficial to the school and its students. The meetings are held regularly every Monday with programs chosen by the members and the president, alternately. Ralph Kempner is the president, Richard T. Magner the vice-president and William L. Chon the secretary-treasurer. All of the members of English V are members of this club.

---

### A. D. S.

One of the many clubs established recently at Harvard is the Alpha Delta Sigma, meaning in plain English "Always Doing Something." According to Mr. Mitchell, its guiding hand, the name is exceedingly appropriate for the Class of '26. The club was organized two years ago and has been going strong ever since, until it is, at present, quite prosperous.

Among its recent activities debates between teams in class and dialogues for the purpose of giving opinions of the faculty members have taken a prominent part, but owing to several embarrassing circumstances, the latter have been abolished. Altogether, the club has proved a great success and it is hoped that it may continue to grow, unhampered in its work.

## The Crisis

## I.

(After the manner of Harold Bell Wright.)

Clarence Jones, nineteen years old and strong as an ox, was a plumber's apprentice. One evening, while at a friend's home, he met Mae Blake. Miss Blake lived quite near our young hero, so when nine o'clock arrived he accompanied her to her home. When they had reached the gate of her yard, and were bidding each other adieu, he had an inspiration. The boldness of it rather appalled him, but he went through with it. Leaning over the gate, he said, "Miss Blake, will you accompany me to the Plumbers' Ball?"

The "Crisis" was at hand and he awaited her reply anxiously. She hesitated for a moment and then, blushing deeply, murmured, "Yeth, Clawence."

## II.

(As F. Scott Fitzgerald might have written it.)

For some time they had been speeding over the concrete and now they were approaching a deserted section. Turning into a narrow lane, he brought the car to a halt.

"So?" she spoke more to herself than to him.

After a moment of hesitation he placed his arms around her, and, drawing her close, kissed her. He leaned back and waited, the "crisis" was at hand.

She lazily slid her slender arms about his neck, closed her eyes, and whispered, "Came to at last, eh?"

## III.

(Perhaps Cabell would write it this way.)

This was his first rendezvous with the charming Dorothea and he was a trifle dubious. To be sure, he had known her for some time, yet, that is quite another matter.

He knew the "Crisis" had been reached so he decided to get under way.

"I was thinking," he said, just to start a conversation and relieve the strain, "that your eyes are unlike the eyes of any woman I have ever seen."

She asked him wherein they differed, and smilingly he said he did not know. Now each was regarding the other warily. In each glance an experienced gamester acknowledged a worthy opponent.

"Come here and see if you can discover that difference," said Dorothea.

Then he rose and looked at her for a moment with twinkling eyes; then Dorothea smiled with glowing eyes; then he turned out the lights; then it was quite dark, and, as one cannot see in the dark, who knows what he discovered?

—C. W. K., '24.

## A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

## CONFESIONS OF A REFORMED LOAFER

(An anonymous story found in Vol. V of the "Review" of 1906.)

I'm writin' dis little spel as a sort o' warning to kids in general. In my day I and tree or four odder kids had all de cops and truant officers in de burg at our heels. In de mornin' we all left home and mudder, and insted o' goin' to school, we used to hike to de woods wid a good book and lots o' de makin's and enjoy a very pleasant day.

One mornin' I leaves home promisin' mudder I'd go right straight to school like a good boy. When I gets around de corner de gang is waitin' for me, wid full plans for a happy day. I forgot home and de promise and lights out fer a good time. Dere were four of us—Mike Flaherty, Billy Richards, James Muldoon, and his nobbs, William K. Jones—all kids what liked a good time. We starts fer de tracks and soon strikes a good freight. Soon we was all poundin' de nails and blowing de smoke out like chimneys. Pert quick Mike, who was always makin' plans fer de bunch, said dat he knew of a swell joint where nobody could ever find us. "Way out in de woods sout' of Pullman," he said, "dere is a cave what me and anoder kid built one summer."

After ridin' de rails fer some time we got off and hoofed it fer about a mile. Perty quick we hits de trail to de cave, and begins to tink dat no cops would be findin' us, when out walks two o' de peelers demselves talkin' about how dey didn't tink we ever came out to dat cave anyway. Maybe we wasn't scared. We all run in different directions, nobody tinkin' of anybody else. I guess dose cops had been waitin' around dat cave fer weeks, thinkin' we'd be there sooner or later.

After shakin' my legs pretty hard fer about five minutes I saw as how I ditched de cops and I wondered where de odder kids was. I meandered back to de rails and I soon gets a slow freight goin' back to de city. I decided to take it and let de gang look out fer demselves. I got off a little sout' of Jackson Park and tought I'd take me chances wid de bulls.

I was walkin' along de gravel walks rollin' a dream stick when I passes a little nurse girl wid a young Clarence baby taggin' on to her apron strings. Gee! she was all de candy. I says "Hello" to de kid for good luck, and she starts to speak at me, askin' me if I knew de kid, and all such questions. I told her dat I'd seen de kid and her togeder before, so I thought I'd say hello ter him. Den she says dat since I seemed to like babies, wouldn't I like ter mind him for a minut. I never was much on mindin' kids, but I liked de looks of de maiden. so I decided to take de jump. She piked off to see a friend o' hers across de street and left me wid de little fat face pullin' my nose and havin' all sorts o' joy.

When de kid sees his nurse ain't wid him no more, he begins to squall and kick like mad. Well, I didn't know what to do in such a predicament, so I sat down an' tried to make him shut up, but nothin' doin'. He yells like de dickens was inside him and tree blue coats after him. I began to tink how I could stop de yellin' and soon a bright idee struck my radder versatile cranium. I pulls out my chewin' tobak and gives de kid a nice big chaw. Now dat ought to stop any kid, but it made this one yell some more.

Den I tries my dream stick, thinkin' I could make him go to sleep. I takes a big puff and after carefully openin' Clarence's little mout' I blew some very soothin' smoke in. Instead o' shuttin' up, de crazy kid starts to cough an' cry worse.

I was in despair and was goin' to take de kid over to where his nurse went when I felt a heavy wing on me shoulder. I had been so busy wid me charge dat I didn't see de blue coat comin'. I tries to skiddoo, but he held me tight, and we took a little stroll to de cooler, only a couple o' blocks away. De kid had to come along too, cause de cop didn't know where he lived an' wouldn't believe me.

Dey was jus goin' ter lock me up when de gay little fairy what had been leadin' Clarence around comes a runnin' in all out o' breath and wants ter know 'f anybody had seen a boy runnin' away wid a little baby. Den she sees me an' den de kid begins ter holler. She was happy 'cause she had de kid and so she didn't give a whoop about explainin' to de judg dat I was mindin' it fer her. I asks de chief peeler if dat don't let me out and den he sets to questionin' de biddy. Purty quick she tumbles to de all important fact dat I was bein' detained and she explains dat she had told me to min' de kid. Dey told me I could hike.

You can bet it was eighteen and five for me. I was a scared de odder kids ud be comin' in wid a cupple o' blue coats what had nabbed em fer bummin' frum school, but I didn't stop to make no bow, but cleared out.

---

#### SOME QUAIN'T EPITAPHS

*Underneath this pile of stones,  
Lies all that's left of Sarah Jones.  
(Her name was Smith, it was not Jones,  
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones.)*

*Beneath this stone our baby lies,  
He neither cries nor hollers,  
He lived one month and twenty days,  
And cost us forty dollars.*

*Here under this sod and under these trees  
Is buried the body of Solomon Pease.  
But here in this hole lies only his pod,  
His soul is shelled out and gone up to God.*

“REVIEW,” 1913.

*Sum esse, fui, futurus,  
When we are blue, this surely will cure us (?)  
But when, if disgusted, we threaten to quit,  
Hacc olim meminisse juvabit.*

“REVIEW,” 1906.

THIS TWENTY-FOUR REVIEW



THE NEW BUILDING

"Review"—1906



PART OF THE FACULTY OUT FOR AN AIRING

"Review"—1912.

MARY OF THE DAIRY—A Story in Rhyme

I.

*Ye citizens and burgesses  
Of dear Chicago city,  
Come, hie you up and sit you down,  
And hearken to my ditty.*

II.

*For Henry Skrief a lover was,  
Who loved a maid named Mary—  
And there was ne'er more stirring pair,  
For they worked in a dairy.*

III.

*With eager hearts they often planned  
To cease their toil and marry,  
But never did their parents grant  
Them leave to leave the dairy.*

IV.

*But time rolled on, and love, if true,  
With speeding years increases.  
No more than ceases time itself,  
Such true affection ceases.*

V.

*One day the eager Henry quoth,  
In accents winning very,  
“Oh, since thou art my Mary dear,  
Oh, let us now, dear, marry.*

VI.

*“For I can seize my father’s horse,  
And I will ride behind thee,  
And while I’m there, no followers  
Can see through me and find thee.*

VII.

*“We’ll haste, and e’er the sun shall set,  
The west with orange dyeing,  
Your Henry and my Mary dear  
Will far from home be flying.”*

VIII.

*Love wastes no time to plan its course,  
The twain right soon have started,  
And down the lane, and through the gate,  
Have on their steed departed.*

IX.

*On through the ever growing dusk  
The twain were swiftly fleeing,  
When 'round they looked and deeply groaned  
A follower at seeing.*

X.

*"O hurry on!" the maiden cried.  
Now fast and faster ever,  
Pursuer and pursued sped on  
And stopped their speeding never.*

XI.

*And on and on they dashed, until  
Alas! their pony stumbled,  
And into all the mud and dirt  
The loving couple tumbled.*

XII.

*The rest we leave untold. The twain,  
By papa home were taken,  
And went back to the dairy, which  
They had but now forsaken.*

XIII.

*They never married, and their souls  
Were sad and dreary very;  
And this was ever Henry Skrief,  
He couldn't marry Mary.*

"REVIEW," 1906.

Schmidt's example in English: Wanted: A house by a woman with three window lights and a southern exposure.

"REVIEW," 1912.

---

Mr. Mitchell, one day explained the use of metaphor, giving as an example: "He was an oak, tall and sturdy."

The next day a paper was handed to him which illustrated that figure of speech with: "She was a peach, round and fair."

"REVIEW," 1913.

---

*LOVE BY THE CLOCK*

*At 8 p. m., while Pa and Ma  
Helped entertain with Sis,  
Both John and May in distant seats  
Were — for — apart — like — this.  
At 9 p. m., as Pa withdrew  
And sought his room upstairs;  
At 10 Mamma decamped,  
And then, ye gods! what bliss!  
Those lovers sat till nearly one  
About a close as this.*

"REVIEW," 1906.

---

*There was a professor named Faubel,  
Who always loved to make trouble;  
If his pupils knew nought,  
Then with them he fought,  
And in the end they learned double.*

"REVIEW," 1918.

## Acknowledgments

**T**O PREPARE and compile a book of this sort, however small, would be well nigh impossible without real co-operation. The Staff of the "Twenty-Four Review" has been most fortunate in having many willing helpers, both on the Faculty and the Student Body, who have given generously of their time, effort and thought to the production of what we hope will be regarded as a successful "Review."

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And finally, we realize that many thanks are due to Messrs. Barrett and Mawicke of the Pontiac Engraving Company for the help and information they have given us.

THE STAFF.

### In Conclusion

*To you, oh friends, so dear and true,  
To you who've done all man can do,  
To you to whom we're ne'er afraid  
To come whenever we need aid,  
To you to whom all credit's due  
We bid a very fond adieu.*

**Finis**

Jimmy Swartzchild

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Dear Dr. G. W. Goodwin. (thank you)

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Kurt. - see p. 1.  
- my - & John and v

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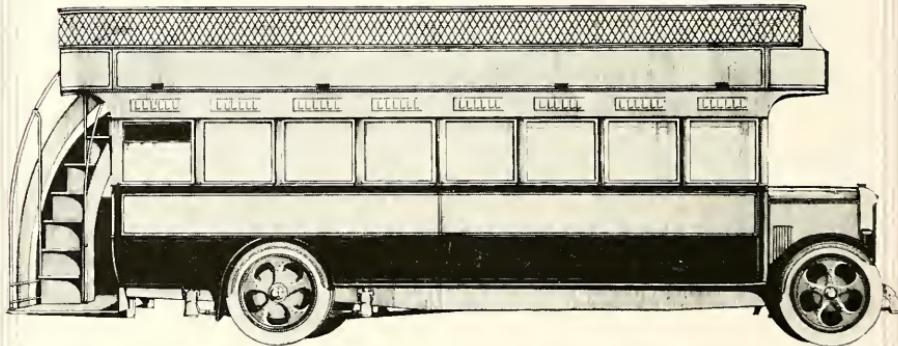
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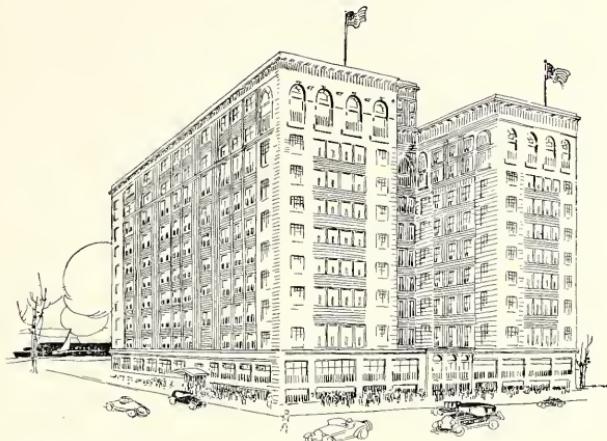
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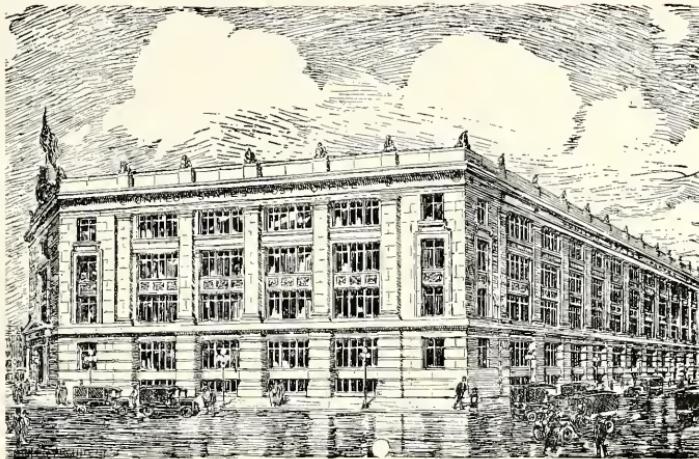
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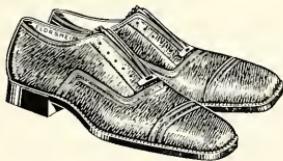
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